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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXI. }

No. 2403.—July 19, 1890.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI.

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MEETING AND FAREWELL.

AH me! how sadder than to say farewell
 It is to meet,
 Dreading that Love has lost his spell
 And changed his sweet!
 I would we were again to part
 With that full heart.

The hawthorn was half-bud, half-flower
 At our good-bye;
 And braver to me since that hour
 Are earth and sky.
 Ah, God! it were too poor a thing
 To meet, this spring.

Our hearts—life never would have marge
 To bear their tides,
 Their confluent rush! Lo! death is large
 In boundary sides;
 And our great *χαίρε* must be said
 When I am dead.

Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

KING'S WEIR.

THE house is silent; on the stair
 My foot falls strangely, and there creeps
 A chill about the morning air
 That speeds me where the hamlet sleeps.

I leave the sounding street and view
 The crescent paling to her death,
 And the broad meadows white with dew,
 And heavy with the orchis' breath.

Where bees protest a drowsy tale,
 And plaintive peewits fall and twist,
 And in the mowing-grass the rail—
 A strident-voiced ventriloquist—

Creeps silently (its nest is near),
 And the small bat eccentric flits—
 Taking the moth—and on the Weir
 A single yellow-wagtail sits.

And, wakened by the wakening morn,
 The herald breeze begins to blow:
 But now a doubtful murmur born
 Of shivering hillside beech, and now

It makes the silver poplars gleam,
 And fans the thistles into play,
 And whitens all the stiller stream,
 And passing sighs itself away.

But it had left the water glad,
 And made the big trout plunge and hurl
 His length among the foam, and add
 A breaking circle to the swirl.

Have we not seen a sick man lie
 Prone on a weary fever bed,
 With aimless hand and vacant eye
 To tell the light of reason fled?

He breathes, but dead to all the ills
 And joys of earth; and can we give
 The name of life to breath that fills
 A mindless frame? Is this to live?

But by-and-by the godlike light
 Of purpose dawning in his face,
 Plays widening round, till all is bright,
 And life regains her perfect place.

The cold distinctness of the scene,
 When stars are dead and lands are grey,
 Seems such as this—the time between
 The dawning and the perfect day.

But now the god, arising, shakes
 About the broadened canopy
 His locks red-gold, gold-red, and makes
 A glory in the eastern sky.

And welling in the fount of dawn
 Grows the great lambent tide, the same
 That lights the diamond on the lawn,
 Or rages till the prairies flame.

I see thee draw the wreathed woof
 Of veiling mist across the plain;
 I see thee glinting on the roof
 And burning on the burnished vane;

Lighting the sedge-bird's secret place,
 Lifting the windflower's tired head,
 Blushing upon the briar's face,
 And laughing in the iris-bed.

And the great soul of earth, that moves
 In all I see or cannot see,
 Springs, radiant at the touch she loves,
 To lose itself in thee.

Longman's Magazine. AUBYN BATTYE.

QUIET.

LET the light speak—and it shall say
 There is no speed and no delay,
 Perfect *quiet* brings the day.

Perfect growth by little shows:
 He who hastes shall lose by speed;
 He who clutches mar by greed;
 He who hurries spoils his deed
 And swells the debt he owes.

E. E. READER.

MAN's life is born into a bootless world.
 If he strive not, how base! and if he strive
 What weariness and grief, whilst evermore
 Recedes the earthly goal! We plan and act,
 Our little wisdom runs before our deeds
 Led other ways by Fate; and all our days
 But mock the visions of our yesterdays,
 Till every purpose seems as shaped by dreams,
 Futile and waking, voided.

Academy.

From The Contemporary Review.

DANTE IN HIS RELATION TO THE THEOLOGY AND ETHICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE opinions of Dante, like those of every great writer who has treated of ethical, political, or religious subjects, have been made the battle-ground of bitter controversy. Apart from those who fall into the shallow trap of seeking the greatness of the poet in some secret doctrine which can be read by the aid of a verbal key, there are many who have sought for Protestantism, and some who sought for Socialism, or even Nihilism, in his pages.* And their interpretations, as was to be expected, have called out those of an opposite school, who have turned him into a champion of orthodoxy, and have treated his denunciation of the Papal policy as a separable accident of his poetry. Now in a sense it may be maintained that both parties are "right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny." Those who see in Dante's words the germs of religious and political change are not altogether in error, though they sometimes look for the evidence of their view in the wrong place. The writers who are most revolutionary in their ultimate effect are not those who violently break away from the institutions of the past and set up a new principle against them, but rather those who so thoroughly enter into the spirit of those institutions that they make them, so to speak, transparent. When the soul becomes visible, the body is ready to drop away. We often find systems of doctrine surviving the most violent attack from without, and apparently only deriving new vigor from the contest. But one thing there is which they cannot survive — viz., being thoroughly understood and appreciated, for the intelligence that has fully appreciated them has *ipso facto* grown out of them and beyond them. It has extracted the principle from its former embodiment, and so made it capable of entering into combination with other principles to produce new forms of life and thought. It is in this relation that Dante stands to mediæval Catholicism. In at-

tempting to revivify its ideas, he "betrayed its secret." As Plato in his "Republic" developed the ruling ideas of Greek politics to a point at which they necessarily break through the form of the Greek state and destroy it, so Dante, in giving a final and conclusive utterance to mediæval ideas, at once revealed the vital source of their power, and showed where they come into contradiction with themselves and point beyond themselves for their completion. The attempts made to prove that Dante was a "Reformer before the Reformation," or a "Revolutionary before the Revolution" are, in the sense in which they were made, vain and futile; and, in spite of the rough way in which he denounces the state of things ecclesiastical and political, writers like Ozanam and Hettinger have no difficulty in showing Dante's complete orthodoxy, and his complete acceptance of the Catholic system of life and thought. Even from the first the Catholic Church recognized that the attacks of Dante were the wounds of a friend, and that it would be an absurdity to put in the Index a poem which was the most eloquent of all expressions of its own essential ideas. The revolutionary power of Dante's poetry lay in quite a different direction. It lay just in this, that Dante held up to mediæval Catholicism its own ideal, the very principle on which it rested and from which it drew all its power, that he judged it by that ideal, and that by that ideal he found it wanting. For, although, as "the most hopeful son of the Church Militant," Dante seemed to himself to be able to indicate one simple way in which the old order of Church and State could be restored, to all but himself the very expression of the conditions necessary for this return to the past was the demonstration of its impossibility.

In this article, it is not proposed to consider Dante as a poet, or at least to enter into any questions directly connected with the poetic form in which he has expressed himself, but rather to treat him as a writer who sought in his own way to read the signs of his times, and to declare to others the lesson he had thus learnt. In doing so, we are judging Dante according to a standard which he himself has set up. The

* E. Aroux: Dante Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste.

poetic form, indeed, is inseparable from Dante's thought, as is shown by his comparative failure to utter himself in prose; but to himself it was, so to speak, an inseparable accident, necessary only as the vehicle of his message to his time, as the form through which alone he could express his whole conception of human life, and "justify the ways of God to man." If ever there has been a poetry which was indifferent to its own matter, it was certainly not the "sacred poem to which heaven and earth had set their hands so that for many years it had made the poet lean." The "*Divina Commedia*" was for Dante simply the last perfect expression of the same thought, which in all his other works, both of prose and verse, it had been his effort to utter. It is not, indeed, a didactic poem in the ordinary sense of the word. Dante was too perfect an artist not to see that the direct, practical movement of the preacher or the orator is alien to the contemplative spirit of poetry. But it is didactic in the sense that it is an effort to exhibit the ideal truth of things, the moral law of the world, which is hidden from us by the confusion of phenomena, and the illusion of our own passions. Hence the first problem suggested by the "*Commedia*" is, how Dante's poetry becomes the vehicle of a complete philosophical and theological view of human life without ceasing to be poetry.

We may answer, in the first place, that the reason why Dante is able to be philosophical without ceasing to be poetical, is the same which enables Plato to approach so closely to poetry without ceasing to be a philosopher. By Dante, as by Plato, every part is seen in the light of the whole, and, therefore, becomes a kind of individual whole in itself. Dante can be faithful to truth without ceasing to be a poet, because, for him, the highest truth is poetical. His unceasing effort to reach the poetry of truth and the truth of poetry may be evidenced in many ways. He began his career as a poet by a kind of Wordsworthian reaction against the affections of the Provençal school, from which he received his first lessons in the art of verse. In a well-known passage in the "*Purgatorio*," Bonagiunta di Lucca, one of

his poetical predecessors, questions him as to the reason of the superiority of his lyrics. Dante answers that his secret was simply strict adherence to the truth of feeling. "I am one, who, when love inspires me, make careful note of what he says, and in the very manner in which *he* speaks within, I set myself to utter it." Bonagiunta is made to answer: "Now, I see the obstacle which made me and the Notary and Guittone fall short of the sweet new style, which in your verses sounds in my ears. I see clearly that your wings follow closely after the dictation of love, which was certainly not the case with us." In the description of outward things, Dante's minute accuracy, as of one who wrote always "with his eye on the object," is one of his most obvious characteristics. Sometimes he goes so far in breaking through the conventional limitations of poetical language as to give us a shock of surprise, like that which we receive from the homely detail of Wordsworth; though in Dante we never meet with those pieces of crude, undigested prose to which Wordsworth sinks in his less inspired moments. More often Dante falls into this kind of error in relation to the prose, not of bare fact, but of thought. In his anxiety to utter the whole truth of his theme, and to make his work a kind of compend of philosophy and theology, he sometimes introduces definitions and expositions of doctrine, which are too abstract to be fused into unity with any poetic symbol; as, for instance, in the curious Aristotelian lecture on the relations of the soul and the body, which he puts into the mouth of the poet Statius. Generally, however, the intractableness of his theme is overcome partly by the Platonic cast of Dante's thoughts, to which we have already referred, and partly by the realizing force of imagination with which these thoughts are grasped. The synthetic power of poetry, which individualizes all that is universal, is made the servant of the philosophic synthesis, which overcomes abstraction by grasping ideas in their relations. The passage in the thirteenth canto of the "*Paradiso*," where St. Thomas is made to expound the scale of being, and the parallel passage in the first canto, are good

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instances of the way in which Dante conquers this difficulty. And it is remarkable that he succeeds, not by expansion, but by compression of thought; in other words, he makes the conceptions of philosophy and theology poetic, not by diluting them in metaphors, but by a concentrated intensity of expression, which suggests the connection of each part with the whole, and the presence of the whole in every part.

What, then, is Dante's theme? To this Dante himself gives an answer which might at first sight seem inconsistent with the very nature of poetry, as a direct sensuous presentment of its object. In his letter to Can Grande della Scala, to whom he dedicates the "Paradiso," he declares that the subject of the "Commedia," taken literally, is the state of souls after death. But, he goes on, if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by the good or ill use of his freedom he becomes worthy of reward or punishment. Now, many modern critics might be disposed to say that to play in this way with double meanings is necessarily to lose the immediate appeal of poetry to our inner perception, and to "sickly o'er the native hues of" imagination "with a pale cast of thought." Nor can we escape the force of this objection by saying that the allegory is an after-thought, which occurred to Dante only when his poem was completed, and did not affect him during its composition. On the contrary, during the course of the poem he frequently directs our attention to the "subtle veil" under which he half conceals and half reveals a higher truth; and this deeper meaning is suggested to us not only by the numerous symbolic figures which are introduced at each stage of our progress, but by the main lines of the structure of the "Commedia." Even this might be regarded by some as a concession which was forced upon Dante by the ideas of his time. But, when we look more closely, we see that such a double meaning is no mere literary convention, but that it is inwrought into the very essence of Dante's work. It was, in fact, the necessary condition which he had to fulfil, in order to be, what Carlyle calls him, "the spokesman of ten silent

centuries." If Dante was to give poetic expression to the consciousness of the Middle Ages, it was as necessary for him to live in two worlds at once as for Homer to live in one. What characterized the Homeric age was the fresh sense of the reality of life and its interests, and therefore the poet of the Iliad and the Odyssey could introduce the world of the dead only as a shadowy and spectral existence at the extreme verge of his picture of the living world. But to the highest consciousness of the Middle Ages it might almost be said that the parts were inverted, and that the world of the living was but a shadowy appearance through which the eternal realities of another world were continually betraying themselves. The poet who made himself the interpreter of such a time was obliged to encounter all the difficulties of this strange division of man's being. He must draw his picture, as it were, on windows lightened by an unseen sun. However alien it might seem to the nature of poetry, or at least to the ordinary theory of its nature, he must be prepared to live in an atmosphere of double meanings, of crosslights and symbolic references, in which nothing was taken for simply itself; and yet, in spite of this, he had to be "simple, sensuous, and passionate," in order to be a poet at all. It is his strange success in this apparently impossible task that gives the unique character to Dante's achievement. His poem seems as if it were constructed to refute all the ordinary canons of poetic criticism, and to prove that genius is its own law. But the key to the difficulty is not very hard to discover. It is just through the symbolic nature of his theme that Dante finds his way back to poetic truth and reality. It is because the other world, as he fixes his eyes upon it, turns for him into an enlarged and idealized counterpart of this world, because its eternal kingdoms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, are for him the symbol of the powers which underlie and control the confusing struggle of human life, that Dante is able to give to his journey through all these supernatural kingdoms the vivid force of natural realization. Hence it may fairly be said, that it is just

because the "Commedia" is symbolic that it is true. Accepting the dualism of the Middle Age, Dante can transcend it only by the double reflection of each world upon the other.

The meaning of this last statement will become clearer, if we consider for a moment the nature and origin of that dualism. It arose out of the opposition of Christianity to the ancient forms of life which it had to overcome. As in every great revolution by which a new principle of life has been introduced into human history, it was to be expected that the negative side of Christianity should manifest itself first. Till the enemy was conquered, it was impossible that he should be recognized as not altogether an enemy. And the materialism and sensualism, which were partly consequences of the fact that ancient civilization was in process of decay, made it all but impossible for the Christian, under the fresh inspiration of the most idealistic faith which the world had ever seen, to admit any kindred between the new life and the old. The Church was necessarily militant against the world, till the world was subdued. Only after the first shock of antagonism had ceased, and the new society was secure in itself, did it become possible for it to see that there were many elements in the old system which might be appropriated by it, and used as materials for the new social structure. And it was not till centuries had passed, not indeed till the present age, that it could be discerned that there is a deeper root of unity, from which all religions and civilizations spring, and in view of which even such a change as the introduction of Christianity can be regarded as a step in the development of one life.

Christianity was, therefore, at the outset, and in the eyes both of those who accepted, and of those who rejected it, a revolutionary idealism, which, as it turned the cross into the highest symbol of honor, seemed to invert all the old standards of excellence, and all the old criteria of truth. "Those who have turned the world upside down are come hither also." The characteristic of the new religion, which was most prominent in the minds of its earliest converts, is the antithetic abruptness of its inversion of the outward, and, we may even say, of the inward order of ancient life; and it was the apparent lawlessness involved in this revolution which turned the prejudice of the world against it. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and

hath exalted the humble and meek," is the birth song of the new creed; and St. Paul, who made the first steps toward turning the immediate utterance of Christian feeling into a theory, is continually insisting on the theme that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." The same thing seen from the outside made the Roman emperors regard Christianity as the most fatal and horrible of superstitions, a superstition which inspired the dregs of society with a subversive madness, and made them for the first time unsubmitive to the firm hand of Roman discipline. It is true that Christianity was not outwardly revolutionary in its immediate aims. It preached submission to lawful authority, and not revolt; and it recognized even the empire that persecuted it as, in a sense, "ordained of God." But the instinct of its enemies was true. It submitted, not because it accepted the world's law, but because it stood so far off from that law that it could easily avoid any conflict with it; because, in the idealism of its faith, it could treat the whole order of secular life as something extraneous and indifferent. The Christian slave endured his chains, because slavery and mastery, the dunghill or the throne, could matter little or nothing to one whose citizenship was in heaven. Such a doctrine hid its revolutionary power in the excess of its spiritualism. But the imperial instinct of Rome recognized that such submission was treacherous, and that the political system of the empire must necessarily be destroyed by the development of a principle, which it could neither assimilate nor overcome. The Church grew within the empire, at once using it, and exhausting its energy by the invasive power of its stronger spiritual life, till in the course of time the imperial authority had to choose between extinction and submission.

The intellectual narrowness that hinders men from grasping more than one aspect of a great principle at one time, and even the limitations of human speech, are continually tending to exaggerate relative into absolute opposition, and to reduce unity into identity. And, as in its distinctive maxim, "Die to live," Christianity contained the germ at once of a deeper antagonism, and of a more comprehensive reconciliation, between the different elements of man's nature, than any previous system, it was inevitable that in its development it should sway between the two extreme poles of Manichæan Dualism and a Pantheism in which all difference of

good and evil was lost; though it could not identify itself either with the one or the other without losing its distinctive character. The necessity of conquering other forms of belief and of contending with the materialism of ancient civilization tended at first to throw emphasis upon the negative rather than the positive aspect of the maxim. And this tendency was seconded by the order of thought in the maxim itself, which involved that self-realization should be sought through self-sacrifice. The consequence was that the early Church threw all its weight in this direction, and viewed its own life as essentially opposed to that of the kingdoms of this world, which it expected soon to be subverted by the second coming of Christ. It is, however, noticeable that, in its earliest form, Christianity is less hopeless of the world, less dualistic than it afterwards became; even the Millenarian idea being itself a witness that the first Christians saw no incongruity in the idea that this world should be directly turned into the kingdom of God, or in the hope that, without passing through the gate of death, the faithful should have their mortal nature transformed entirely by the power of the new life. The explanation of this lies partly in the fact that the first Christians received the principle of Christianity in its unevolved completeness, before the tendency to emphasize one side of it had gained strength. Still more it lay in the natural confidence of those who first felt the inspiring power of the new faith, and who had not yet learned to estimate the obstacles that stood between the simple acceptance of the Christian principle in its unexplained generality and the realization of it in a complete system of life and thought. In the first intuitive apprehension of a new idea of life everything seems at once to be attained. In its universality men seem to possess a present infinity, a principle of unlimited good, which can be resisted by nothing because it includes everything. In this sense Hegel speaks of the infinite value of the unenfolded religious emotion, as it exists in the breast of the simplest man who has felt its power. But, in another point of view, an idea so apprehended is merely a germ, which as yet has shown as little of what it contains or of the real results to which it will grow, as the acorn shows of the future oak. In the course of the second century, when the first fervor of hope and faith was over, it began to be seen that the perfect fruition of the Christian ideal could not be grasped at once. The immediate hope of

a sudden divine change of the world disappeared, and with it, we might almost say, the hope of a realization of Christianity in this world. The first steps toward the building up of an organized community of Christians brought with them a consciousness of the immense hindrances, inward and outward, which stood in the way of the realization of a kingdom of heaven upon earth. And though the idea that human nature is capable of a complete purification and regeneration could not be lost without the loss of Christianity itself, the belief began to prevail that such completion can be attained only in another world.

Hence the apparent contradiction that the principle of Christianity comes to be regarded as unrealizable, just at the time when the first steps are taken to realize it. It is when the Church has begun to establish itself as one of the political powers of the world, that the expectation of a kingdom of God on earth all but disappears, and Christianity becomes decisively an other-world faith — the hope of a victory to be won, and a fruition to be enjoyed, only beyond the grave. In like manner, it is when the Christian idea has ceased to be a simple consciousness of relation to Christ, when it has put itself in relation to the philosophy of the ancient world and begun to develop into a system of doctrine, that the distinction of faith and knowledge begins to be emphasized, and divine things to be regarded as altogether beyond the sphere of the understanding of man. In the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul, the minor note of sadness — which could never be entirely absent from the expression of the Christian consciousness — is sometimes all but lost in the hope of a joy to be revealed in the near future; and sorrow takes the aspect of a passing shadow, which is soon to disappear from the new heavens and the new earth. But with the apostolic age this confident spirit passes away, and life begins to be regarded as a pilgrimage in a foreign land, in which the Christian has continually to contend with enemies without and within, and no fruition corresponding to his hopes is to be expected. Existence is thus, as it were, projected into a future beyond the grave, and even the Church is conceived, not as the kingdom of God realized on earth, but as an ark of refuge, in which man is to be carried through the storms of life to his true fatherland. It was by the aid of this conception, which practically deferred the realization of its ideal to another world, that

the Church was enabled to retain that ideal, and yet partly to reconcile itself to the conditions of its existence in a society still only half civilized, and organized on principles alien to Christianity. For the division which was thus made between the secular and the sacred, if in one point of view it tended to exalt the Church at the expense of the State, yet supplied an excuse to the former for tolerating in the latter a kind of life that was not in harmony with its own principles. In this way the revolutionary tendencies of Christianity, the demands of its idealistic morality, and its purely spiritual criteria of judgment were retained, and yet made reconcilable with acquiescence in the *status quo*, and even with a conservative alliance with the existing political powers. The kingdoms of this world were allowed to subsist, nay, their authority was consecrated, by a Church which repudiated all their principles of life and government; and the doctrine that this life is merely a preparation for another enabled Christianity to be used as an anodyne to reconcile men to sufferings and wrongs which were regarded as inevitable, rather than as a call to change the institutions which caused such evils. On the other hand, the Church, at least in its dedicated orders, in its priests, monks, and nuns, sought to realize within itself that higher life which it refrained from demanding from the world. But even here the same antagonism betrayed itself; and the three vows of the "religious" life turned Christianity into an ascetic struggle against nature. Yet such asceticism could not be based on the idea (which underlay earlier ascetic systems) that the natural passions or feelings are in themselves evil. Such a Manichæan division, discordant as it was felt to be with the doctrine of a divine humanity, was once for all rejected and refuted by the first great speculative genius of the Western Church, St. Augustine. It remained that asceticism should be conceived as a stage of transition, and that the object of it should be taken to be, not to root out nature, but only to purify it. Nature must die to itself that it might live to God, but it could so die without perishing; it could rise again to a new spiritual life without ceasing to be nature. Nay, if the mediæval saint could believe that nature had so "died to live," he could even accept its voice as divine. On this point, however, he was very difficult to reassure; he was, indeed, scarcely willing to admit that the spiritual death of nature, which is the beginning of a higher life,

could come before the natural death of the body. Hence the highest morality, the morality of the cloister, remained for him negative and ascetic, and, if he ever regarded it as a preparation for a positive morality in which impulse and duty should be made one, it was in a future life only that he expected such an ideal to be realized. The tender feminine voice of mediæval piety, its self-repression and submission to an evil present, its ardent longing for a glory to be revealed, its self-mortification and renunciation of the world, and its exultant consciousness that everything it lost would one day be regained, its combination of all-levelling love with the resigned acceptance of a social state in which men were held down and held asunder by the most fixed class-divisions, were the natural results of this curious compromise. Christianity had brought together so many apparently inconsistent elements of thought and feeling, that in the first instance it was possible for them to be combined only by distributing them between two worlds. But, after all, it was one mind that lived in both; it was one spirit which was thus divorced from itself, and which was at the same time engaged in a continual effort to overcome the division.

Dante comes at the end of the Middle Ages, and, as has already been indicated, it was his work to bring the mediæval spirit to a consciousness of itself and so to carry it beyond itself. He does so, however, not by the rejection of any of its characteristic modes of thought. He does not, like some of his immediate successors, recoil from the one-sided spiritualism of the Middle Ages, and set against it a naturalistic delight in the beauty of the world of sense. Nor does he rise to that higher perception of the spiritual in the natural which has inspired the best modern poetry. He was no Boccaccio or Heine, raising the standard of revolt in the name of mere nature against all that hindered her free development. Nor was he a Shakespeare or Goethe who could spiritualize the natural by force of insight into its deeper meaning. But, accepting without a shadow of a doubt or hesitation all the constitutive ideas of mediæval thought and life, he grasped them so firmly and gave them such luminous expression that the spirit in them broke away from the form. The force of imaginative realization with which he saw and represented the supernaturalism, the other-worldliness, the combined rationalism and mysticism of the Middle Age,

already carried in it a new idea of life. In this view we might say that Dante was the last of mediæval and the first of modern writers. To show that this is the case will be the object of the remainder of this paper.

We may best realize this aspect of Dante's poem if we regard it in three different points of view, and if we consider how he deals with three contrasts or antagonisms which run through all mediæval thought and life—though, indeed, they may rather be regarded as different aspects of one great antagonism: *first*, with the antagonism between this and the other world; *secondly*, with the antagonism between the Empire and the Church, with which in Dante's mind is closely connected the opposition between faith and reason, or between theology and philosophy; and, *finally*, with the antagonism between the natural and the spiritual, or between the morality of self-denial and the morality of self-realization.

1. It has already been pointed out that mediæval religion tended to regard the world as a sphere in which man is prepared for a better life, but which has no substantial worth in itself. "This is not our home," "the native land, the *patria* of the soul, is in heaven," "we are pilgrims and sojourners, who seek for a city that hath foundations." In such sayings we find the distinctive note of mediæval piety, the source at once of its weakness and its strength, of its almost fatalistic resignation to suffering, and of its consoling power. The other world is the inheritance of those who have failed in this; and the sense of failure, the sense that man is utterly powerless in himself, had in this period altogether expelled the joyous self-confidence of ancient virtue. This change may be traced to many causes. The sufferings of an age of war and oppression, the insecurity of a time when the tribal bonds of barbarous society were being dissolved, and when the unity of modern nations was not yet established, may furnish a partial explanation; but still more is due to the agonies of fear and remorse which took the place of the self-confident animalism and rude freedom of the Teutonic races when brought into the presence of the new spiritual light of Christianity, and to the ascetic recoil from all secular interests which, as we have seen, was the necessary result of the first conflict of Christian ideas with a world they could not yet transform. These causes tended to develop a kind of religion which withdrew man from the interests of the pres-

ent and, as it were, transferred the centre of gravity of his life beyond the grave. Such a religion essentially contrasted with the religions of classical antiquity, which were in the main worships of a divine principle revealed in the family and the State. And it contrasted equally with the religion of the Jews, which, if it took men beyond the present, yet did not lift them out of this world, but only carried them forward to a better future for their race. It has often been felt as a difficulty by modern students of the history of religion, that ancient religions dwelt so little on the concerns of another world; but it is a difficulty only because the mediæval stamp has been so strongly impressed on our minds that, like Kant, we are ready to say that "without a belief in a future state no religion can be conceived." But the inspiring power of religion for most of the peoples of antiquity lay, mainly at least, in the view which it led them to take of this rather than of another world. Mediæval Christianity, on the other hand, turned the Jewish aspiration after a better future on earth into a belief that man's good can be realized, and his happiness attained, only in heaven. And, for what was thus lost in the inspiring power of the consciousness of a divine purpose realizing itself in the present life of man, it tried to make up by the idea of the present life as a preparatory discipline for another. Now, it is easy to see that such a belief is susceptible of many shades of meaning. It is capable of sinking into the coarsest superstition which barter a joy here for a joy of no higher character in the life to come. Yet, even in that case it may be said, that the joys that are not seen, the desires that cannot be gratified here and now, are by that very fact changed and elevated in character, if for no other reason at least because a joy not possessed is always idealized by imagination. And it may be further said that even mediæval Christianity, if it caught men at first by sensuous fears and hopes, contained in itself a provision for their gradual idealization, as the nature of the Christian life became better known. It admitted of a sort of sliding scale of interpretation from the mere superstitious fear of the vengeance of God to the most saintly desire for inward purity. Still, so long as it laid such exclusive emphasis on the idea of another life—which was broken off from this life by a chasm that could not be filled up—so long as its supernatural was not the natural seen in its ideal truth, but, so to speak, another

natural world somewhat differently constituted, so long mediæval religion wanted something which, *e.g.*, even Greek religion possessed. The division of the religious from the secular vocation of man was necessarily a source of disharmony in all his existence. It led naturally and almost inevitably to a separation between divine service and that service of God which is only another aspect of the service of man — a separation which turns religion into superstition, and deprives morality of its ideal character. Now in Dante's great poem the mediæval form of representation is strictly preserved. Human life is viewed as essentially a preparation for another world, whose awful reality throughout overshadows it, and reduces its interests almost into an object of contempt, except when they are viewed in relation to that world. "O, wretched man, do ye not see that we are worms produced only to contain the angelic butterfly, which flies to justice without a covering," is one of many similar utterances; and in a remarkable passage in the "Paradiso" Dante represents himself as looking down upon the earth from the highest heaven, and makes the minuteness of its apparent size a symbol of the littleness of earthly things as seen from the heavenly point of view. Yet, after all, the eternal world which he exhibits to us is just this world seen *sub specie æternitatis*, this world as it is to one who views it in its moral aspect. And, as we see from the letter to Can Grande della Scala already quoted, Dante means it to be so understood. Thus taken, the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso" are simply evil and good in the full development of their abstract opposition, and the "Purgatorio" is simply this world, regarded as a scene of moral struggle and purification. Thus, both in the "Inferno" and in the "Paradiso," Dante's attempt is to make the woe and the joy as closely as possible the visible expression of character, which finds its doom in being fixed forever in its characteristic act or attitude; and in the "Purgatorio" the same sufferings — which in the "Inferno" had been the penal return of the crime upon the criminal — become the purifying pains through which he frees himself from his sin. Or, looking at it in a slightly different point of view, the descent of Dante through the circles of the "Inferno" is a kind of treatise on the process of moral degradation, and his ascent through the Purgatorial mount, together with his upward flight through the heavens, a description of the

process of moral renovation. Thus in the upper circles of the "Inferno" we begin with the sins of passion, of inordinate indulgence in some finite good, with lust, gluttony, avarice, and prodigality, the punishment being in each case a kind of symbol of the crime, or as has just been said, the return of the crime upon the criminal. Those who have yielded to lawless desire are blown about in the dark whirlwind. The avaricious and the prodigal are doomed to the endless task of rolling heavy weights backward and forward, each undoing the other's work. Lowest among the sins of passion Dante puts the discontent which wastes its energy in fretting against the limits of earthly satisfaction, and will not look kindly upon the light of day.* Those who have been thus morose and sullen in their lives are plunged in the deep mire, where they continually keep up a monotonous complaint. "Sad were we above in the sweet air, which is brightened by the sun, bearing in our hearts a lazy smoke that hid its light from our eyes; now are we sad in the black mire." In the next circle is punished the sin of heresy, which is for Dante the acceptance of the evil in place of the good principle, or, in other words, the denial of that higher idea of life which raises man above the animals. Those who have thus shut their minds to *il ben del intelletto* are prisoned in fiery tombs. Out of this root of evil principle, according to Dante's way of thinking, spring all the sins of malevolence, of hate of God and man, beginning in violence and ending in deceit and treachery in all its kinds, which, as involving the utmost corruption of man's peculiar gift of reason, are punished in the lowest circles of the "Inferno."

In the "Purgatorio" the principle of good is supposed to have been restored, and therefore suffering has ceased to be penal, and has changed into the purifying pains by which men free themselves from evil. Hence, though there is nothing here exactly corresponding to the lower circles of the "Inferno," the lowest terraces of the Purgatorial mountain have still to purge away some remaining stains of the baser forms of sin, stains of pride, envy, and anger, which make a man seek his own good in opposition to the good of his neighbors. In the fourth circle, man's purification from *accidia* — that torpid and

* Cf. Mr. Harris's essay on "The Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia," in the *American Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, for October, 1887, which has suggested some of the above remarks.

relaxed temper of mind which refuses to be stimulated to action either by divine love or by the desire of finite good — prepares the way for his purgation, in the three highest terraces, from the sins of passion, the sin of giving to finite good the love that should be reserved for the infinite. Finally, the heavenly journey of Dante carries us up through all the finer shades of spiritual excellence, beginning with the devotion that is not yet unswerving in purpose, the love that still clings to the charm of sense, and the practical virtue which is still haunted with the "last infirmity of noble minds," and ending with the passionate faithfulness of crusaders like Dante's ancestor, Cacciaguida, the pure zeal for justice of kings, like Godfrey of Jerusalem, and the perfect devotion of monastic sainthood, whether seraphic in love with St. Francis, or cherubic in wisdom with St. Dominic. In all this Dante holds to the mediæval point of view, in so far as he makes this world altogether secondary and subordinate to the other; yet he escapes the mediæval dualism by exhibiting the other world as simply the clear revelation of ideal forces which are hidden from us amid the confused phenomena of our earthly existence. In effect, though not in so many words, the postponement of this world to the other comes simply to mean the postponement of appearance to reality, of the outward show and semblance of life to the spiritual powers that are working in and through it. It is, therefore, no mere afterthought when, in his letter to Can Grande, Dante bids us regard the description of the other world as symbolic of the truth about man's life here. We might even, from this point of view, be tempted to regard Dante's representation of the other world as a mere artistic form under which the universal meaning of our present life is conveyed. For, even if Dante did not mean to say this, his work says it to us. His poetical handling of the idea of another life tends to remove from it all that is conventional and arbitrary, and to turn it into the appropriate expression of an ever present moral reality. And, though some elements of the horror and brutality of the mediæval conception of retribution are still retained in harsh discords of the "Inferno," and some of the childishness, which mingled with the childlike purity of mediæval piety, in the dances and songs of the "Paradiso," we may, perhaps, compare these things to the unfinished parts of the statues of Michael Angelo, which exhibit the material the artist had to use,

and heighten our consciousness of his power by a glimpse of the difficulty with which he was struggling.

2. In mediæval thought the opposition between this and the other world was closely connected with the second opposition to which reference has been made, the opposition between the Empire and the Church, between politics and religion, and also, as Dante holds, between philosophy and theology. In Dante's prose treatise, the "De Monarchia," we have an elaborate argument in regular scholastic form, in which he tries to defend his own reading of the politico-ecclesiastical ideal of the Middle Age, which was expressed in the maxim: "One God, one pope, one emperor." The following quotation gives the substance of Dante's view:—

If man is a mean between the corruptible and the incorruptible, like every other mean, he must have something in him of both extremes. Further, as every nature is constituted in view of some ultimate end, man, who partakes of two natures, must be constituted in view of a twofold end. Two ends, therefore, the ineffable wisdom of Providence has set before his efforts: to wit, the beatitude of this life, which consists in the exercise of his proper virtue, and which is figured to us by the Terrestrial Paradise; and the beatitude of eternal life, which consists in the fruition of the divine vision, and which is represented by the Celestial Paradise. To these different beatitudes, as to different conclusions, we can attain only through different means. To the former we attain by the teaching of philosophy, which we follow in the exercise of the moral and intellectual virtues. To the latter we attain by means of those spiritual teachings which transcend human reason, and which guide us in the exercise of the theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity. These ends and the means to them are exhibited to us, on the one hand, by human reason expressing itself in its fulness in the philosophers, and, on the other hand, by the Holy Spirit, which, through the prophets and sacred writers, through the Eternal Son of God Jesus Christ and his disciples, has revealed to us a truth which is beyond nature. But, in spite of all these evidences, human passion would inevitably disregard both the earthly and the heavenly end, unless men, like horses, had their brutal lusts restrained with bit and bridle. Hence there was needed, in order to bring man securely to his double end, a double directing power: to wit, the Holy Pontiff, to guide him in accordance with Revelation, to eternal life; and the Emperor, to direct him to temporal felicity, in accordance with the precepts of philosophy. And since none or few, and these only with the utmost difficulty, could attain to this haven, unless the waves of deceitful lust were quelled, and the human race enabled to enjoy the freedom and tran-

quillity of peace, *this*, above all, is the aim to which the Curator of the world, who is called the Roman Prince, should direct all his efforts: to wit, that in this mortal sphere life may be freely passed in peace. . . . It is clear, then, that the authority of the temporal monarch descends to him without any medium from the fountain of all authority — that fountain which, one and simple in its lofty source, flows out into many channels in the abundance of the divine goodness. . . . This, however, is not to be taken as meaning that the Roman Emperor is in *nothing* subject to the Roman Pontiff; for that mortal happiness, of which we have been speaking, itself has a farther end in the happiness which is immortal. Let then Caesar pay such reverence to Peter as a first-born son owes to his father, that, illumined by his paternal grace, he may, with greater virtue, irradiate the whole circle of the world, over which he is placed by Him alone, who is the ruler of all things temporal and spiritual.

The ideas which Dante thus expresses in prose govern the whole movement of the "Commedia." They explain the contrast between the two guides of Dante, Virgil and Beatrice, the former of whom is immediately taken as the representative of philosophy, and of the teachings of reason, and indirectly also of the Roman imperial power which Dante regarded as the source of that secular moral discipline by which man is taught the cardinal virtues of the secular life; while the latter speaks for a theology based on revelation, and maintains the necessity of that discipline in the three theological virtues, which it is the function of the Church to supply. The great evil of his time, according to Dante, was that these two different functions had been confused, that the Empire and the Church had become rivals instead of complements of each other, and that by this dislocation of the governing power, the whole life of man had been thrown into disorder: "Ye may well see that it is ill guidance that has made the world stray from good, and not any corruption of the nature of man. Rome, that once gave peace to the earth, was wont to have two suns. Now that one has quenched the other, and the sword is joined with the pastoral staff, they must both wander from the path. For, so united, the one fears not the other."

As is manifest from this passage, the main responsibility for the perversion of the divine order of life, lay, in Dante's opinion, with the Church, and especially with the Papacy, which, as he held, had abandoned its proper functions, and had grasped at the imperial authority. For, by this policy, the Papacy alienated its

natural ally, and gave opportunity for the undisciplined license of the communes and the sanguinary ambition of France, to which the Papacy itself ere long became a victim. And the main cure for this state of things which Dante requires and prophesies is, that some great emperor or servant of the empire, some Henry VIII. or Can Grande, should appear to drive back to hell the wolf, *cupidigia* — i.e., to repress the greedy ambition which had thrown the world into disorder, and to restore the Church to its original purity, the purity it had before the fatal gift of Constantine had begun to draw it into the arena of worldly politics. Dante, therefore, seeks for the reversal of the whole course of policy by which the Church, especially after the time of Gregory the Great, had sought to establish its secular authority. He would strip the Church of her wealth in order to make her trust only in spiritual weapons. In the "Inferno," Dante breaks out into taunts and rejoicings over the just fate of the simoniacal popes. "Tell me how much gold our Lord required of St. Peter, when he put the keys into his charge? Verily he demanded of him nought, but 'Follow me.'" On the other hand, his intensest sympathy is reserved for the new orders of mendicant friars, who sought to bring back the simplicity of the Gospel, and his severest denunciations are for those who have corrupted the original purity of these orders, and of the Church in general.

This enables us to understand an often-discussed passage in which Dante puts among these contemptible beings — who "were neither faithful nor rebellious, but were for themselves," and who are therefore "hateful to God and to his enemies" — one who is characterized only as "the man who, through meanness, made the grand renunciation." This we are told by all the older commentators of Dante refers to Pope Celestine, who resigned the papacy, and was succeeded by Boniface VIII. The contempt of Dante for this simple monk, who shrank from a burden which he could not bear, is to be understood only if we regard it as an expression of the disappointment of those who, in Celestine, saw a representative of the pure, unworldly view of the functions of the Church lifted to the throne of Christendom, and who then saw him confess himself unequal to the mission thus committed to him. Dante sympathized with the resentment of the so-called "spiritual Franciscans," — those who so ought to maintain, in all its strictness, the original law

of St. Francis as to poverty — when, after a short interval, they saw worldly policy restored to the papal throne in the person of Boniface. Jacopone di Todi, the poet of the "Spiritual Brethren," attacked Boniface with accusations of sacrilege, heresy, and avarice, and in the "Paradiso" St. Peter is made to pronounce him a usurper. But for Celestine, whose selfish saintliness was not capable of sustaining contact with the world, and whose pusillanimity lost, as it seemed, the greatest of all opportunities, Dante reserves his bitterest word of contempt.

Now it is easy enough to see that Dante's ideal of a universal Church, standing side by side with a universal empire, protected by the empire, and by its unworldliness saved from all collision therewith, was impracticable, was indeed incapable of realization in *both* its aspects. The universality of the Empire was, even at the best, *magni nominis umbra*, and the assertion of its claims invariably brought it into collision with the privileges of the Church, and the Church, on the other hand, not seldom found itself driven to maintain those privileges by excommunicating the emperor and calling on his subjects to rebel. The emperors could not uphold law and order in their dominions without interfering with the spiritual courts and curtailing the rights of the clergy, and the popes saw no way of securing the independence of the Church except by asserting its claim to rule over the world. Thus the essential contradiction of the attempt to divide human life into two halves, and to determine definitely what was Cæsar's, and what was God's, showed itself in the logic of facts. Yet undoubtedly the idea of such a separation, which should leave each in possession of all its legitimate prerogatives, and should completely secure it from coming into collision with the other, was the political ideal of the Middle Age, an ideal which was the necessary outcome of the way in which the Christian Church had for centuries been existing or endeavoring to exist, as a community in the world yet not of it. Hence Dante was only following out that ideal in its most logical form, when he demanded that the Church should return to its original purity, and should withdraw from all interference with the interests of the world, and that the Empire should again become all powerful over man's secular life, as it seemed to have been before the Church became its rival. We might perhaps say that in this view of Dante's we find a culminating instance

of the mediæval method of escaping all difficulties by a "Distinguo" — *i.e.*, of using a distinction to make a kind of truce between elements which it could not bring together in a true reconciliation. By absolutely separating the Empire and the Church, Dante conceived it to be possible to restore harmony between them. And, indeed, it is true that such abstract opposites, if they could exist, would cease to come into collision, because they would cease to come into contact. Unfortunately, at the same time in which they thus cease to affect each other, they lose all meaning, as abstractions which have no longer any reference to the whole from which they were abstracted. Thus in Dante's treatise, "De Monarchia," from which the above quotation is taken, the empire is represented as an omnipotent justice, which, because omnipotent, has no special interest of its own, and therefore is freed from all temptation to injustice; while the Church is conceived as reaching the same ideal purity by the opposite way — *i.e.*, by detaching itself from all finite interests whatever. The real lesson to be learnt from such an abstract opposition is just the reverse of that to which it apparently points. It is that the opposing forces can never cease to be rivals, and are therefore never safe from impure compromises, until they are brought to a unity as complementary manifestations of one principle of life, which at once reveals itself in their difference, and overcomes it. The problem is not to divide the world between God and Cæsar, or, as we should now say, between God and humanity, but to give all to God in giving all to humanity, humanity being conceived, not as a collection of individuals, but as an organism in which the Divine Spirit reveals himself. Of this solution there is no direct statement in Dante, nor could any unbiased interpreter suppose that beneath the form of adhesion to the mediæval duality of Church and Empire, he conceals the idea of their essential unity. What gives a color of reason to such an idea is merely that the new wine of Dante's poetry *does* burst the old bottles of mediæval philosophy, or, in other words, that he so states the mediæval ideal that he makes us see it to be in hopeless antagonism with reality and with itself, and at the same time to carry in it the germ of a new form of social life.

3. A clearer anticipation of this new order of ideas is seen in Dante's treatment of the last of the three contrasts to which reference has been made. For Dante, as he repeats after St. Augustine and St. Thomas

the conception of a twofold truth, a truth of reason which is determined by reason alone, and a truth of faith which is primarily due to revelation, so he necessarily accepts the idea of a twofold morality, a morality of the four *cardinal* virtues, which are acquired by habit and teaching on the basis of nature, and a morality of the three *theological* virtues, which are entirely the effect of supernatural inspiration. Hence the continually increasing danger and darkness of his descent through the circles of the Inferno, and the hopeful but slow and laborious nature of his ascent over the terraces of the Purgatorial hill, are put in contrast with his swift upward flight through the planetary heavens, in which he is conscious of no effort, but only of the vision of Beatrice and of her growing brightness. But the theological barrier between the human and the divine which Dante thus acknowledges, and which, we may even say, he builds into the structure of his poem, is removed or reduced to a merely relative difference, when we consider its inner meaning. In the exaltation of Beatrice two very different ideals of life are united, and two different streams of poetry, which had run separate up to the time of Dante, are concentrated in a common channel. The chivalrous worship of woman, which grew up in connection with the institutions of feudalism, is combined with that adoration of divine love, as embodied in the Virgin Mother, which gave tenderness to the piety of the saints. The hymn of worship, in which the passionate devotion of St. Francis and Jacopone di Todi found utterance, absorbs into itself the love-ballad of the Troubadour, and the imaginative expression of natural feeling is purified and elevated by union with the religious aspirations of the cloister. Thus poetry brings ideas which had been separated by the widest "space in nature" to "join like likes, and kiss like native things." Dante's poetic idealism — with that levelling power which is characteristic of all idealism, and above all of the idealism of Christianity — sets aside all the hindrances that had prevented human and divine love from coalescing. Or, perhaps, we should rather say that he approximates *as nearly* to this result as the mediæval dualism will let him, retaining the mark of his time only in the fact that the natural passion which he idealizes is one which was fed with hardly any earthly food, but only with a few words and looks, and which was soon consecrated by death. Thus the ascetic ideal of purity, which

shuns like poison the immediate touch of sense, claims its tribute; but when this tribute has been paid, Dante has no further scruple in following the impulse of natural emotion which bids him identify his earthly love with the highest object of his reverence, with the divine wisdom itself. Thus in the adoration of Beatrice the Platonic idealization of *ἡσυχία* is interwoven with the Christian worship of a divine humanity; and a step is made towards that renewed recognition of the sacredness of natural feelings and relations, by which modern is distinguished from mediæval ethics.

Again, Dante accepts the mediæval idea of the superiority of the contemplative to the active life. This idea was the natural result of the ascetic and mystic view of religion which separates the love of God from the love of man, and regards the service of the latter as partly withdrawing our eyes from the direct vision of the former. "To love God *secundum se*," says St. Thomas, "is more meritorious than to love one's neighbor. Now the contemplative life directly and immediately pertains to the love of God, while the active life directly points to the love of our neighbor." Such a doctrine, if logically carried out, would involve an opposition of the universal principle of morality to all the particulars that ought to come under it; or, to express the same thing theologically, it would involve a conception of God as a mere Absolute Being, who is not revealed in his creatures — a conception irreconcilable with the Christian idea of the unity of the divine and the human. The natural inference from such a conception would be that we must turn away from the finite in order to bring ourselves into relation with the infinite. But, in Dante, the identification of Beatrice with the divine wisdom, or, what is the same thing, the representation of the divine wisdom as individualized and embodied — and that not merely in Christ or in the saints, but in the human form that was nearest to the poet's affection — practically counteracts this tendency, and involves a reassertion of the positive side of Christianity as against the over-emphasis which the Middle Age laid on its negative side. It may, indeed, be said that, for Dante, the contemplative life remains still the highest. But this is not altogether true, at least in the sense in which the above objection holds good. For there is a sense in which contemplation may be said to include and go beyond action — the sense, viz., in which religion includes

and goes beyond morality. Religion does not lift man *out of* the practical struggle for good, but in a sense, it lifts him *above* it. It turns morality from the effort after a distant and unattainable ideal into a consciousness of a divine power within and without us, of which all things are the manifestation; and so it enables us to regard all things as working together for good, even those that seem most to oppose it. Religion is thus primarily contemplative, not as looking away from the world to God, nor as excluding the active life of relation to the world, but because it is a rest in the consciousness that the ultimate reality of things, the world as seen *sub specie eternitatis*, is at once rational and moral. And such a consciousness, though it gives the highest inspiration to moral activity, does so by removing much of the pain of effort, and especially much of the feeling of hopelessness, which is apt to arise whenever moral effort is long continued against powerful obstacles. So far, then, the addition of religion to morality tends to assimilate moral activity to Dante's swift and effortless ascent into heaven, in which, as we have seen, he is drawn upward simply by the vision of Beatrice. "Not I work, but God worketh in me," is the genuine expression of religious feeling, and the source of its inspiring power. Dante puts the same idea in another way, when he tells us that, if freed from the burden of sinful inclination, man cannot but follow the divine attraction of his nature, and inevitably rises to Paradise as to his natural place. "Thou shouldest not wonder at thy ascent," says Beatrice, "any more than that a stream descends from the top of the hill to the bottom. It would rather be a marvel if, freed from all impediment, thou didst remain below, *like living fire lying quietly on the ground.*" Thus in Dante's hands the one-sided exaltation of the contemplative life, which he accepts as part of the theological tradition of his time, becomes susceptible of an interpretation which removes all its one-sidedness. It is open for us to take it as expressing the truth that religion bases the "ought to be" of morality upon a deeper "is," and that the moral ideal is not merely a subjective hope or aspiration of the individual, but our best key to the nature of things. In a similar way the absolute distinction—which Dante, like the scholastic theologians whom he followed, is obliged to make—between the truths of faith and the truths of reason, finally resolves itself into this, that there are some truths which cannot be attained

except by those "whose intelligence is ripened in the flame of love;" or, in other words, some truths that must be felt and experienced before they can be known. Considering all these points, we may fairly say that, orthodox as Dante is, his poem is the euthanasia of the dualistic theology and ethics of the Middle Ages. In spite of the horrors of his "Inferno," which are the poetic reflection of the superstitious terrors of a half-barbarous age, and in spite of the monastic austerity and purity of his Paradise of light and music, which is like a glorified edition of the services of the church, Dante interprets the religion of the cloister in such a way as to carry us beyond it. His "Divina Commedia" may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral, through which we emerge from the dim religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memory of those harmonies of form and color on which we have been gazing, and with the organ notes that lifted our soul to heaven still sounding in our ears.

EDWARD CAIRD.

From Temple Bar.

LLOYD COURTENAY'S BANISHMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISTERTON," ETC.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE room before us is long and low, with a ceiling upon which much pains had been spent in times gone by, speaking of art not only high but old. Cupids play hide and seek in the cornices; a basket of flowers is in the centre, delicately carved. The furniture is old, too—oak, once brown, now black. It has stood in that room for some two hundred years, more or less. The curtains are fashioned of some dark heavy drapery, which falls in stately folds, suggesting permanence, adding to the general feeling of wealth and stability.

The bed alone is modern, low and light, not wood but brass, not out of keeping with its surroundings, with dainty white hangings; for it serves as a link between room and owner, between far past and immediate present. In one corner of the bedroom is an old-fashioned writing-desk, with round top that slides up and down at pleasure.

The owner of the room is standing facing this piece of furniture, and the round top is rolled back. Her hand is

on the ledge beneath; she presses a spring, button-shaped, in the wood, only visible to the practised eye which knows where to look for it. One would have thought there was something worth looking for in this recess—some jewel of great value, a historic necklace, a tiara unmatched by the wealthiest in the land, or even some deed which deals with acres of noble property, and to display which would elevate one to riches and sink another to poverty.

The drawer shoots out to the touch. It is small and square, with only one thing in it—that one thing is a rose. It was not gathered yesterday or to-day. Let us look out. The casement is filled with the diamond-shaped panes of our forefathers. It is late evening, but the sound of the elements hardly suggests roses. As we open the windows the beating snow drives in on our faces. It lies outside thick, quiet, untrodden, covering the face of the earth with its mantle of white, lying deep in the valleys, heavy on the trees, shrouding the face of the ground as if the earth were laid in its last long endless sleep. One branch stretches out its hand almost to touch us from a pear-tree growing up the house side; but the time of foliage is long past. The touch would be that of an ice-cold, bony finger. No, this is not quite the time of roses! And this rose?—see, she has it in her fingers now—is not of yesterday. It is shrivelled and dead, and yet bearing some of the semblance and form it had as a living thing. It once grew a young and shapely thing, blush pink in a garden, and was plucked by loving hands, placed in a delicate throat, round it gathered hopes and anticipations, thoughts of love and vows of faith. The bosom beneath the rose was true, as that bud was perfect in its symmetry. The thoughts of love are gone, the hopes and anticipations forgotten! No, not gone, not forgotten; only not realized. What hopes and anticipations are? The vows have never been kept! What vows are? That rose has been dead these seven long years and more. It has been wet with tears, but they flow no longer. Still sometimes when the past is very near, a living thing, that rose comes out of its secret drawer and is looked at by its owner—with a sad, far-away gaze which speaks of a life stronger than most; for only such lives can love like this—weaker souls use the word but know not its meaning—of a life which knows now only duty and faith; which once knew love and hope.

Let us look at the woman before us. That she is no ordinary woman of the ball-room and boudoir type goes without saying; such women neither know the sweets nor the bitterness of a love like this. Tall and shapely, with large brown eyes, with that pensive look in them which is generally allied with sorrow, a trace of the weight of years quietly borne, delicately shaded brows, a slightly aquiline nose; a woman who could answer tenderness with tenderness, and passion with passion, dignified always, but more dignified since she had suffered, borne, and overcome.

Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh—such is her name—owns this vast Elizabethan mansion and the broad lands around it and far beyond. She rules it all wisely and well, meeting the steward weekly, and the housekeeper daily, holding the threads of business with firm grasp.

So life goes on, a prosaic round of common duties, humdrum and ordinary; and within passion and sentiment, half subdued but wholly powerful, hide themselves, like a stream rushing beneath the earth with calm pasture-lands smiling above. Recently, as we shall see before this story closes, the stream has been dangerously near the surface. Before this night is over it may even have overflowed its banks.

The night that that rose was given is very green in her memory, as she looks at it now, hard, and dry, and withered. It had a double beauty once, a beauty of its own, of colors and shape and fragrance; and an added beauty, inasmuch as it conveyed a message, the sweetest a woman's life knows; for, what ambition and business are to a man, with a little love thrown in, love alone is to a woman.

Lloyd Courtenay was a man any woman might have been proud to love, of ancient lineage and noble name, fair, bronzed, and stalwart. What wonder that Vivyan's eyes had rested upon him from the time that she began to know good from evil; and that when she heard him woo her with words that sounded strangely eloquent to unaccustomed ears, she wondered what there was in her to attract the love of a man like this. She was only a girl then, slim but not spare, lithe of form but rounded of outline, with a grace, a rare grace, of movement which alone was a charm to a man who had seen many women, and had been more than offered many loves. Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh was only Vivyan Melcombe then. The vast property from a distant cousin had not come to her,

and with it the name which had once belonged to an ancestress of hers, and which had to be taken under the terms of her cousin's will.

She was a girl of nineteen, or thereabouts, in her guardian's house, when Lloyd Courtenay asked for her hand, which she gave to him, if indeed it was not his already; and her hand, which she was destined not to bestow, as they stood together in the vast garden with the warm June sunshine without and the fiercer sunshine of love within.

Lloyd was the younger son of an ancient stock, not too well endowed, with barely enough to maintain the elder branch in the station to which he was called, and with nothing worth speaking of for those who had the misfortune to come after. What business then had Lloyd to woo and win this delicate, portionless, beautiful maiden? No one then, of course, could forecast the cousin's death, and the revelation of an eccentric and unexpected will. So thought half the country-side, or would have done doubtless, but the engagement was not yet proclaimed. So thought—and said with quite unnecessary force of language—Sir Freeling Courtenay, Lloyd's more fortunate elder brother. So thought—but did not say—George Granville Armstrong, banker and squire, the wealthiest bachelor of the district, who had destined Vivyan Melcombe for himself.

What Lloyd's elder brother, Sir Freeling, may have thought was not at that time of very much moment to Lloyd. The younger son had never been in the habit of deferring much to his senior even in less important matters. He was not very likely to take any advice from that quarter now upon a subject on which his heart was set. But Mr. George Granville Armstrong's opinion—and something more than an opinion—was quite a different matter, as will be seen directly, for reasons which will be duly set forth.

The young people however had a whole month in which they thought of nothing but their love, a month of unalloyed happiness, of meetings which were bliss, and separations which were dreams of meeting again. And a month, be it remembered, is a long time to lovers, for love grows like a weed.

They neither of them had any particular worldly goods; but the sky above was blue; nature was radiant; and they were young. Why bother about the morrow when to-day is so bright?

The test of time proved how deep one

love was at any rate, perhaps both; who can tell? Of that time the rose she holds in her hands is now the only tangible relic.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE TOILS.

I HAVE said that Lloyd Courtenay had nothing; but of course this was comparative. What he possessed would not keep himself with his present habits, much less a wife and possibilities. The small income he had was derived from two sources—a little property left him by his mother, and an agency. He superintended and managed the estates of no less a person than Mr. George Granville Armstrong. They agreed well enough together until the master and the man loved the same maid, and the lady had the bad taste to prefer the acreless to the acred. After that things were not so smooth. George Armstrong was five or six and thirty, strong, broad-shouldered, riding fourteen stone, fond of country sports, but a keen business man all the time. He had been very pleased to secure handsome Lloyd Courtenay as his agent, steeped to the lips, as the latter was, in details of farm management and forestry, and with an engineering turn which saved streams from overflowing their courses, detected flaws in bridges and banks in good time, and capable of designing a farm building at a pinch as well as any second-rate architect, at half the cost, which would both look well and answer all practical purposes. But when Lloyd Courtenay fell in love with Vivyan Melcombe things took quite a different turn; for the banker's cunning little eyes had taken the measure of Vivyan's beauty of face and form, and marked it down as a desirable addition to a fine house, a large park, a staff of servants, and an ample income. Mr. Armstrong's affection, if such it may be called, did not proceed further than this. Such as it was, it was sufficient for the purpose. When he was told that Vivyan returned the young man's preference, by no less a person than his agent himself, Armstrong was inclined to look upon it as a mere piece of youthful folly, and to pass it by lightly. No engagement had been announced, and he felt sure that before anything definite was settled, one or both would change their minds. He himself had done the same sort of thing lots of times, and he was a bachelor now at six-and-thirty. A little reflection and observation of the symptoms convinced him

that the matter was more serious than he had at first thought.

Mr. Armstrong began to look round for some obstacle to put in the way of the little game. Fate was kind, for it provided one to his hand.

It happened that the banker had a little property in Norfolk, where he was in the habit of going now and then for shooting purposes, and to receive rents. Just as the month referred to in the prologue drew to a close, the Norfolk bailiff fell ill and died. It therefore became necessary that some one should go down to see about another, and to set the affairs of the estate office in order for the new-comer. Under ordinary circumstances George Armstrong would have gone himself, but he thought it such a good opportunity of separating the lovers, even if only for a time, that he decided to send his agent instead. The plan answered beyond his utmost expectations.

Lloyd went down to Norfolk readily enough, in spite of the wrench of saying good-bye to Vivyan. He was always ready for anything new—one of those sunny, eager temperaments which extract honey from flowers and weeds alike, by a process all their own. In a few days everything was in readiness for the new bailiff, who had been selected, but was not able to come for a couple of days after the work was finished. Lloyd had nothing to do, which is always dangerous for people of his temperament, and he must wait where he was to see the new man in possession.

In an evil hour something—the papers or casual people he met, it does not matter which—suggested that a race meeting was on at Newmarket. Lloyd had been on to a race-course once or twice in his boyhood, but had no particular weakness for the pursuit, except the actual physical excitement which a race briskly contested and a shouting crowd naturally produce.

Nevertheless he decided to go. He had never been on "the Heath," and had heard much about it from more enthusiastic friends. Courtenay was a careless fellow, and had brought scarcely anything more with him than would just pay for his ticket. He was not, therefore, in danger of losing anything, a not uncommon pastime at Newmarket.

He was just on the point of starting next morning for the station, and had locked the office door, when a farmer, the largest on the estate, came up to pay his rent, which had been considerably in arrear. The farmer had had a lucky deal, and he came to hand over a trifle under

two hundred pounds. Lloyd had no time to return to his desk if the train was to be caught, so he promised to send a receipt, and thrust the notes into a pocket-book. The farmer had paid him the same notes he had himself received from some transactions in cattle. The pocket-book was put back again into the breast pocket of his coat.

Courtenay had no earthly intention of betting when he started, and was, indeed, as he considered, saved from the suggestion of temptation by having no money to speculate with. But the air of Newmarket is heavy with the instinct of bookmaking. The train was of course full of people, whose one thought was the horses, the jockeys, and the odds. Outside the station Lloyd met a casual acquaintance, whom he was glad to join for mere companionship sake, in the bustling and not over-polite crowd. Mr. Anderson had the day's racing at his finger ends, and soon Lloyd likewise was armed with a card or "c'rect card of the day's racing," to give it its full local dignity of nomenclature. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Anderson knew exactly what was going to win the principal race of the day; always a dangerous piece of information to possess, as more often than not special information before a race is apt to be very expensive afterwards. He also had his ideas about the first fixture, in which only five horses had accepted, and four eventually appeared on the board. Courtenay took no part; but he stood by when his friend handed in his ten-pound note, and he also saw him receive back his own with slight usury afterwards. This is unfortunately very stimulating to the racing novice.

The second race was a very open one for juveniles, which Anderson, who was by no means a novice, let alone, and wisely.

There was an interval between the second and third, and Anderson strongly advised Courtenay, as they walked about the course and looked in at the saddling paddock, to follow his example and put a "pony" on "Karkoss," which was sure to win. Karkoss was the second favorite, and odds were being laid against him of three to one.

"Let me put on your 'pony' with mine. I had the tip from a man who knows all about racing. He said there were only two certainties in the day: Foxglove for the first race—and you saw how easily he cantered in—and Karkoss for the third. I only saw him again just now, and he told me he had three hundred on at

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four to one. It will see a shorter price yet unless we make haste." A bottle of champagne — vile gooseberry — helped to screw Courtenay's courage to the sticking point.

Out of the pocket-book came five-and-twenty pounds, which were duly placed in the bookmaker's hands. Lloyd satisfied his conscience that it was only "a loan," to be repaid the moment the race was over.

"Come on, now," said Anderson, "let us go over to the other side, and we shall see the race splendidly."

"All right; only how about our money? Is the bookmaker straight if we lose sight of him?" Courtenay knew all about welching; but Anderson assured him all was right. He knew his London address, and had often made bets with him before.

So over they went. Karkoss certainly acquitted himself well in the preliminary canter. In the distance they could see the line of horses; now one kicked up his heels, and then another, causing delay. The suspense was breathless. At last "They are off!" rings from a thousand throats. Here they come. What a noble stretch of turf it is! Now they are breasting the hill. "Karkoss wins — Karkoss wins in a canter!" What a shout there is. The friends take it up, although they cannot distinguish the horses one bit. Still Karkoss ought to win. At last they see "yellow and black" stripes opposite to them, apparently far in advance of his field. At this moment there is another cry, just as loud but not so jubilant as the other: "White Heart walks in — White Heart wins in a canter!" By the railing is a small black horse extended, but apparently not urged, while the jockey of Karkoss close to is "riding" his utmost with whip and spur. The black horse shoots out — White Heart has won. He was a despised outsider. Anderson will not believe it, until the numbers go up, 9, 5, 3. Nine is White Heart; five is Karkoss. There is no necessity to go and look for the bookmaker, as the money is his, not theirs. This "certainty" has gone the way of countless other "certainties," equally dependable.

Lloyd had had enough of betting, but he remained until the racing was over. There was a dense crowd on the road between the course and the town. The platform was thronged. The friends were parted, Anderson getting into a moving train while Courtenay waited. Eventually he squeezed into another, having to stand up the greater part of the way home.

They had passed a station or two when Lloyd bethought him of his pocket-book. He felt in his breast pocket, where it had been put safely back after the twenty-five pounds were taken out. The pocket was empty. The book with its valuable contents was not there. Lloyd turned sick at heart. He turned his other pocket out, in a vain hope that inadvertently some other receptacle contained the missing property. Everything else was safe, even to his watch; but no pocket-book rewarded the diligent search. No doubt the thief had seen the notes when the agent took the others out, had watched his opportunity, and stolen the notes during the press at the station.

Lloyd Courtenay's feelings, as he returned home, may be better imagined than described. The thing could not have happened more terribly. If he had lost the whole two hundred the matter would not have been nearly so serious, but five-and-twenty had been betted away. There was no dishonesty about the intention. On his return home he could easily have replaced the smaller amount, and no one would have been the wiser. But two hundred pounds or thereabouts, was quite a different thing. He would have to whistle for so large a sum. He could not help feeling that he was in a great dilemma. His employer must be told, and at once; but to tell him anything he must tell him all. A rogue would of course have said outright that the whole had been stolen. But Lloyd Courtenay, although weak, easy-going, and too much open to persuasion, was a gentleman, and had never told a lie in his life. Mr. Armstrong had always been kind to him, and although the two men had the instinctive feeling of not much love being lost between them, still the agent expected lenient treatment, even if combined with a severe reprimand. He was happily unconscious that any new cause had arisen to sharpen the resentment of master towards servant.

The next morning Mr. Armstrong received the following letter: —

"DEAR SIR, —

"The business you sent me about is nearly completed, and I think satisfactorily. The new bailiff, who seems an exceptionally sharp man, comes in to-morrow night. He is well up to his work, and understands the Norfolk customs and the capabilities of the soil. I should have left this to tell you on my return, but a graver matter has unfortunately arisen. In great sorrow and shame I have to make

a confession. This morning early I had fixed to go to Newmarket. Just before starting, Farmer Brown of Hayfield Cross came to pay me nearly two hundred pounds, rent, which you were aware was overdue. I put the notes into my pocket-book. On the course I wanted five-and-twenty pounds to make a bet. Unfortunately I had come away without money of my own, and knowing I could repay immediately on return, I borrowed the sum out of Farmer Brown's money. The bet was lost. Most unfortunately, either on leaving the course, or at the crowded station, the pocket-book containing the notes was stolen, and in my haste I had not taken the number. I cannot tell you how much this affair distresses me. Now that I look back upon making a bet with your money I feel the matter is very different from what I thought it. I trust you will forgive me, and the whole sum shall be repaid as soon as possible.

"Believe me to be, with deepest regret,
"Yours, LLOYD COURTENAY."

There was no time for an answer to be received before the agent's return, as he left by the night train after the bailiff had arrived.

Courtenay had two or three hours in bed, and then, as soon as he could, went to see Mr. Armstrong. The hour was early, but the banker had finished breakfast and was sitting in his office. The agent was shown in by the maid. Mr. Armstrong bowed stiffly, but took no notice of the proffered hand. There was an iron-grey look about his eyes and brows which boded no good to his visitor. The latter felt his heart sink within him for the second time.

The banker began the conversation.

"I received your letter, sir, and have carefully considered the matter you related to me. I suppose that you have nothing more to tell me than what you were pleased to put down here."

The last words were spoken with a sarcastic intonation which was not lost upon Lloyd, although he failed to understand the covert meaning.

"Have you anything more to add?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I am not very much troubled to consider whether you have told me the truth, or a part of it, or a pack of lies."

Courtenay flushed crimson, and advanced a step or two. The banker waved him back.

"As I said," he went on, "I am not disposed to consider whether you lost the

whole at this rascally meeting to which you went, or whether you only lost part and had the rest stolen. I am content to go by your letter. You are aware, sir, that, by your own words, you stand convicted of theft. You have brought yourself within the pale of the law."

Courtenay started. This aspect of the question had never even occurred to him.

"But, sir, surely it can never be your intention to look at the matter in so severe a light?"

"Not only is that my only view of it; but yesterday I laid your epistle, which was full of high-flown sentiment, before my London solicitor, and his opinion distinctly coincided with my own. I have made out, in my capacity as a magistrate, a warrant for your arrest, and the officers, whose duty it is to carry it out, are in the next room."

The words seemed to stick in poor Lloyd's throat. All the memory of his past life came up before him. It had been a pleasant, open, careless existence. Then it had wonderfully deepened with his love to Vivyan; and although they were poor, hope was strong, and the future looked bright in the sunlight of joy and love. Now it was all dark. The black cloud had come, and all was terrible shadow. Lloyd looked at Mr. Armstrong to see if there were any signs of relenting. The face was hard, and grey, and set. There were none. The agent grew years older during the brief silence. The only sounds consisted of the ticking of a solemn-looking ebony clock on the mantelpiece, and the breathing of a black-and-tan terrier on the rug, which lay asleep, happily unconscious of mortal woe so near at hand.

"Do you then, sir, mean to proceed to extremities? You know it will be utter ruin to me; that I am plighted, if not openly engaged to be married——"

Lloyd broke down.

There was another pause. Then the banker spoke once more.

"I have considered all this, and for the sake of your family, and your comparative youth, I have decided, against my better judgment, not to send you to prison, provided certain indispensable conditions are complied with."

"What are they, sir?"

"The first is, that you leave the country immediately; do not return to it until you receive my sanction, living, or hear positively of my death. The second is, that you speak to no one and communicate to no one the cause of your departure, now or afterwards, without my permission."

Lloyd paused before he answered. He was in the toils, and he felt it.

"These are fearfully hard, sir!"

"Not for a felon," with a marked stress on the word.

"But how about Miss Melcombe?"

The question choked him.

"You shall write her a letter which I will dictate."

There was no way of escape, and at last the unhappy letter was written. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS MELCOMBE,—

"I have hopelessly compromised myself in a way which places an impassable barrier between us. My employer, Mr. Armstrong, has most generously overlooked my fault, but under the condition that I leave this country forever. I trust you will find some one far worthier than I. Believe me, in deep sorrow and shame,

"Your faithful

"LLOYD COURTENAY."

The agent pleaded for some alteration in the terms, a word of the awful regret and burning love that was in his heart, but his judge was inexorable. At midday he was on his way for Southampton, *en route* for America.

CHAPTER II.

FATE; THE AVENGER.

VIVYAN MELCOMBE had given her soul, as well as her promise of life, to Lloyd Courtenay. Their love was mutual, but hers was infinitely the deeper of the two, just as her nature was by far the stronger. Before marriage, the fact that the advantage of character is on the woman's side matters comparatively little. There is a glamor about love-making which is not dispelled by the minutiae of too close an acquaintanceship. After the tie is secured, and intimate life begins, reason reasserts itself, and the man and the woman become to each other what they really are. Hitherto they have been shadows walking in a moonlight mist, or in the dawn haze of opening day. Now the daylight shines full into every crevice and cranny, every nook and gable of character and life. Some life relationships benefit considerably by this. Many do not. It can never be right that the woman should tread the pathway of life with firmer foot than her companion. To say all this of Vivyan is not for a moment to deprive her of womanliness. Her strength was a strength of gentleness, a strength to love, and if need

be endure—a strength to follow if one be found worthy to lead. It could only show as strength by the side of weakness; united with a fibrous tissue of masculine tenacity it would assume its proper sphere.

For these reasons the marriage, could it ever have taken place, between Lloyd Courtenay and Vivyan Melcombe would probably never have been an entirely happy one. It was not in the former to wholly satisfy the latter. Unfortunately the girl did not know this. She was intoxicated with the new joy of a man's love, wholly her own; her fancy had painted it all she wished. It had been joy to part—that they might meet again. It had been infinite joy to meet. Her love had colored her dreams, and had shone about her daily path. It was the one thing which was all her own; which no one shared.

The abrupt letter dashed this brimming cup to the ground, and emptied it as a libation to fate. Marriage would have drained it, drop by drop, until only the handsome exterior remained.

Vivyan was heart-broken. The shame shadow rested on her as well as on him. She felt she should never hold up her head again. Her love remained, but as a blasted tree struck by the summer lightning.

For a year this awful unexpected sorrow preyed upon her with giant force. It might have continued to do so for years to come.

But the unexpected happened. A distant cousin left her his house and broad lands, an ample estate, and a new name which she was to take with it. She was no longer to be Vivyan Melcombe only, but Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh. From that moment she held up her head once more. She was like a soldier, convicted of some slight fault, and afterwards sent by his commander, who through it all has had full confidence in him, to head a charge, or scale a redoubt, or do some service requiring tenacity and courage. Her cousin knew little of her, and had no such intention in making his will. But that mattered nothing. The effect was the same. She felt once more the world trusted her, just as before she had felt that it did not. Both were alike born of a morbid feeling, the result of that sudden blow. It was a strong nature unhinged, to which the new mission proved a valuable tonic. So far Vivyan.

How about George Armstrong? He knew, of course, he had done a foul wrong. Lloyd was technically guilty; but

his knowledge of the steward's nature told the banker that he was morally innocent. Nothing but the gross selfishness of the man, allied with a hard nature, would have dictated the course he had pursued. After it was done he repented it daily. He repented it more than all because he was as far off, if not further off than ever, from the object at which he aimed.

Some six months after Lloyd Courtenay's sudden departure, the banker called one afternoon at Miss Melcombe's guardian's house, and for the first time since the breaking off of her old engagement found her alone. She was in a small drawing-room at the end of the house, listless as usual.

For the only time in that year Vivyan woke up to her full strength, and blazed. Her womanly acuteness had told her pretty nearly the truth. Mr. Armstrong had had an obvious motive in sending her lover away, and the present visit was the result.

The banker urged his suit with the manner he considered most fascinating. The young girl heard him in silence for a few minutes, while she gathered up her forces. Then she turned upon him with scathing irony.

"So, Mr. Armstrong! this is the scene for which the way was prepared six months ago. Do not think that letter deceived me. You wrote it, even if you used my poor Lloyd's hand to hold the pen. Perhaps you thought that by meanly getting rid of a rival you would secure me yourself. Do not imagine it for a moment. I have given my heart to the man you hate, and whom you have foully wronged, and it will never be given to you!" Vivyan was perfectly breathless with anger and scorn, and the overflow of her own thoughts, long dammed up.

Mr. Armstrong actually lost his temper.

"If it had not been for me your precious lover would now be serving his time as a felon, at the expense of her Majesty." He felt as he rode away that he had not materially advanced his suit; and to a man it is not quite the satisfaction it is to a woman that he has had the last word.

Thus seven years passed away. The girl had become a woman. It may be safely said that Miss Melcombe-Leigh was the most admired woman in the county. Her stately beauty and magnificent carriage were suited to the position she held, and the fine property over which she ruled. But lovers she had none. Encouragement to the first advances did not

shine out of the clear glance of those dark eyes. Men were in the habit of saying:—

"Vivyan Leigh is a fine woman, not a doubt of it, and Leigh Manor is a splendid property, but our generation hasn't got the pluck, somehow. Now our fathers, or better still, grandfathers, would have carried her off across their saddle-bows, willy-nilly."

The women said that she was only waiting for the first swaggering adventurer with a brass face and a glib tongue.

Vivyan recked little of all the talk. The adventurer, at any rate, did not come. She did her duty; and was true to a dead love, which only slumbered after all.

Thus seven years and a trifle over passed. The summer had come, and with it a general election which had been fought unusually bitterly. At the close, after the poll was declared, a considerable riot ensued, half the windows of the town were broken, and a few heads were the worse for wear. George Armstrong had never been a popular landlord, with tenants or laborers. He was liberal at times, but always hard. No one turned to him for sympathy, for they felt instinctively that he had none to give. The poor accepted his charity, when it pleased him to be charitable, but knew there was no love, human or divine, at the bottom of it. His decisions, as a magistrate, were always terribly severe, especially on vagrants and poachers. Altogether the district did not love George Granville Armstrong, squire and banker.

They had liked him less since Lloyd Courtenay went away, partly because they fancied the hard justice had something to do with it, partly because the agent had stood between them, and, as far as he could, smoothed matters over, tempering the rough justice of the one, and restraining the dislike of the other.

It fell to Mr. Armstrong's lot to occupy the chair when the bench of magistrates tried the rioters, several of whom had been run in by the police. His voice actually influenced the decision and the sentences, making them as severe as possible. Worse than this, being in the chair, it fell to George Armstrong's lot to pronounce judgment, which he did in unsparing language. All the prisoners being local people, the court was crowded with friends and relatives, who sympathized as openly as they dared with the men in the dock. After the sitting was over, Mr. Armstrong mounted his horse, which was being led up and down before the door by a groom. It was an animal of great

beauty and symmetry, almost black, but with a splash of white close to the saddle. As the banker mounted, the crowd, which gathered courage with numbers, set up a hiss, and a stone was flung of no great size, which struck the horseman on the hat. The banker was furious. The hot blood mounted to his temples. He raised his crop, a heavy riding-whip with leathern thong, wheeled his horse, rode into the thick of the throng, and struck to right and left. In his anger his aim was not good; besides, he was half blinded with rage. The leather of his hunting-whip descended on the face of a woman who was unable to get out of the way. A moment afterwards Armstrong wheeled his horse, and, followed by his groom, rode rapidly homewards. The blow raised an ugly red welt on the woman's face. She was the good-looking wife of a blacksmith, who was standing with his arms folded at no great distance, but not near enough to seize the horse, or a struggle would have ensued. Ben Manser occasionally varied the labors of the anvil by a night excursion over the neighboring woods. Probably he was an admirer of the effect of moonlight on landscape. At any rate he had never been caught with game upon him, but he had twice been convicted of trespassing. On both occasions Mr. Armstrong, who was a born magistrate, and seldom away from his place, had been the legal instrument of punishment. Consequently there had been no love before between Ben Manser and the worthy banker. His feelings on this occasion may be imagined. True, he occasionally chastised his somewhat gossip wife himself, but that is quite a different thing from caring about other people doing it. However, whatever he may have felt, beyond an awful expletive despatched after the retreating horseman, he kept his thoughts to himself. Neither was he to be drawn, as most people expected, when he joined the circle at the Blue Boar the same night. Those who knew him said this was a bad sign, and that big Ben meant mischief.

CHAPTER III.

THE VENDETTA.

THREE nights after the scene outside the court house, the banker was to dine with a friend some six miles from his own house. Saturday had been the day of the magistrates' decision. Tuesday was the day named for the dinner. Amongst his letters in the morning was a missive which did not look particularly inviting. The

cover was dirty, the direction almost illegible, either by intention or from sheer ignorance of penmanship. The magistrate opened it first, out of curiosity; he knew pretty well what the others were likely to contain. This might be anything. There is a fascination about the unknown. Within was a long sheet of paper loosely folded. Opening it, there appeared the words at the top of the page, "Better order your," and below a grim-looking coffin, not badly drawn. In fact the whole indicated a better knowledge of draughtsmanship than penmanship. The coffin had been supplied with some large nails all round near the edge, to indicate, probably, that no expense need be spared in the preparations for the prospective interment.

Mr. Armstrong was a man almost without nerves, but he also knew perfectly the condition of the country, the estimation in which he personally was held, and the lawlessness of a large proportion of the inhabitants. A coward would probably not have ventured out at night for some time to come — there was no danger in the daylight — a fool would have gone and thought no more about it. George Armstrong was neither. He reached down a trusty revolver, primed it, put the weapon in the breast pocket of his coat, and thus armed thought no more on the subject. The banker rode the black horse with a white splash, dressed in the evening costume which is common to the opposite poles of the social scale — the waited on and the waiters — covered with an overcoat of light texture, with his dress shoes in his pocket.

On the way and at the dinner nothing particular occurred. It was remarked afterwards, by his host and others, that there was an angry red line across his brow all the evening, as if the result of a blow, but no comment was made upon it at the time.

Armstrong started from Raymond Hall, where he had been dining, at 11.15 P.M. He was the last to leave, as his host, who was likewise a magistrate, kept him some minutes at the end of the evening to discuss the recent riots, and the probable results of the polls which were yet undecided.

The night was dark, save for the light of the stars which studded the heavens. The moon in the infancy of its first quarter shed no light upon the scene. All was quiet, save for the tread of his own good steed upon the road. Ranger, the black hunter, might be trusted to find his own way home, so the banker rested the reins carelessly upon his neck. Night is the

time for reverie, for thoughts of the past and the future. Among the guests, with whom he had recently dined, had been included Sir Freeling Courtenay, Lloyd's elder brother. When the ladies retired they had sat next each other. Both probably had thought of the absent one, although neither mentioned him. This circumstance may account for the fact that his old agent kept forcing himself into the squire's mind, as he rode along, more than he had ever done during the seven years that had elapsed since the rough sentence of banishment was passed.

George Armstrong strove to drive away the thought of the wrong which ought to have been forgotten long ago. Once he struck the black horse violently with his riding-whip, causing it to rear and plunge, simply because he was so angry with himself to think that his thoughts would keep running into one channel.

In a wood through which the road ran, a curious sight might have been seen by any one with the eye of a fox, an owl, or a hawk, any time the last hour or two. A man was crouching in the dense cover, with his head peeping carefully out every now and then to catch the most distant sounds. Now and again an arm would come out bare and brawny, as if to prevent itself from getting cramped. The hand grasped a thick, but lithe, switch. No one would have doubted that the hero of the wood was a poacher; but if so, it was curious that his attention was turned rather to the road before him than to the wood behind him. There was a patient watchfulness, too, about the silent figure which certainly seemed to augur ill for somebody or something.

The banker rode along at a quiet pace. It was almost midnight when he entered the wood, which was not very far from his own door. As he entered it a sound struck the ear of the watcher. It was that of a horse's hoofs, advancing at a cautious pace. All around was very still and dark. The man, whoever it was, could not even see the opposite hedge. A white stone in the middle of the road was the only thing visible, besides the stars which gleamed through the opening which separated the tree tops on either side of the road. It was the very spot and night for a vendetta, if such were contemplated.

The sounds became nearer and clearer. The horseman approached. Now there could be no question that there was a connection between the two, between the man who waited and the man who came.

The former rose up to his full height. His eyes blazed. The strong switch swayed nervously in his hand. The horse was opposite to him, and then he sprang out. One second to satisfy himself that this was the man he wanted, which the white splash on the black horse determined at once, then he seized the bridle and rained blow after blow upon the banker's face and head. The first knocked his hat off; the rest descended on brow and cheek and shoulder, making him reel in the saddle. "Take that, and that, and that!" shouted the assailant, as he dealt the merciless blows. There could be no question now who it was, this midnight watcher. It was Ben Manser the blacksmith of Tollington. But Armstrong, though daunted for a moment by the suddenness of the attack, was not a man lightly to be beaten without a return. Quick as lightning he drew his revolver and fired. As he fired half blinded by the blows, either his aim was uncertain, or the good horse, frightened too, swerved beneath him. At any rate, whatever the cause, the bullet, intended for Manser, struck the horse itself behind the ear a blow which would be fatal in a few seconds. Ranger reared up straight on end, and then fell back heavily on its master. Big Ben bent for a moment over the crushed form, saw that the horse was dead and its rider nearly so, and then fled. The vengeance was more complete than he expected it to be, notwithstanding the suggestive coffin with its adornment of nails.

Armstrong was not dead, only dying. He lay with his horse across his chest until morning, barely breathing. Thus they were found by a farm laborer, a horse keeper, going early to his duties. This man soon summoned his mates from some neighboring cottages, and together they carried the banker to his own house, the distance being slightly greater than to the nearest laborer's dwelling, but the alternative accommodation was not considered sufficient for the dying squire. A doctor was soon in attendance, and although pronouncing the case hopeless from the first, directed his efforts to a restoration of consciousness.

In this he was successful. As soon as it was accomplished, Mr. Armstrong put the most searching inquiries as to possibility of recovery, declining at the same time even to hazard a suggestion as to his assailant. The doctor sought at first to evade his patient's inquiries, but although the lower limbs were a wreck,

the grey eyes were as clear as ever, and the dying man would know the truth. There never had been a chance, as all the country-side was aware, of evading George Armstrong's scrutiny. There was just as little now. When he had extracted the truth he directed his groom to be summoned, and ordered him to ride over and ask Vivyan Leigh to come over and see him.

Naturally puzzled at this strange request, she complied at once, and in less than an hour Vivyan was in the house. She was expected, and immediately on her arrival was shown by the doctor himself into the room in which the patient lay on a couch.

The sight that greeted her gaze as she entered was engraven on Vivyan's mental vision ever afterwards with a freshness never to be effaced. The venetian blind had been drawn down, but stood partially open. On the sofa, supported by pillows, lay Armstrong with his white drawn face; a muscular contraction passed over the upper part of his limbs, affecting the coverlet every now and then; all the lower part was strangely still, with a stillness that pervaded the onlooker. It was dead already. Vivyan, in spite of herself, in spite of the repulsion she had ever felt towards this man, was deeply moved. Her womanhood went out to this awful spectacle of ruined manhood, and the tears came and fell unbidden.

He asked her to come near, and told his tale, that tale of seven years ago, as a man would who did not know whether each breath might be his last.

Vivyan heard him in silence, and then she cried to herself, more for her dead love than for him.

Armstrong waited a little while, and then he said, very gently: "I sent for you for two reasons. In the first place, to undo as far as I could my great wrong. In the second place, to ask you to forgive a dying man. Can you, will you forgive me?" He looked at her wistfully, as a strange, far-away, unearthly light seemed to play about his lips, and to shine out of his eyes. For a moment Vivyan was silent. Then she said, very reverently and slowly, —

"I forgive you; and I pray from the bottom of my heart God to forgive you too."

These were the last words Armstrong heard. The light deepened for a moment, then flickered, then went out altogether. With the light the life was gone, to the unseen from whence it had come.

THE EPILOGUE.

No one had heard of Lloyd Courtenay for seven years. It was hardly to be expected that he would have written, bound over as he was not to explain the reason for his hurried departure.

After the death recorded at the end of the last chapter Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh spared no expense in advertising the fact, and in inviting the exile to return. The following advertisement, put together by her lawyers, appeared from time to time in the principal American, colonial, and English newspapers, beneath an announcement worded in the ordinary way of the death of George Granville Armstrong: —

"Mr. Lloyd Courtenay is requested to at once return to his friends. All is understood. A welcome awaits him."

But to no purpose. Summer gave place to autumn; autumn to winter. It was the night described in the opening sentences of this story. Snow had been falling heavily all day. After dinner, which was served in the small dining-room, Vivyan was strangely restless. Her usual quiet had given place to a nervous irritability which was wholly strange to her. Throughout the day the presence of her old lover had been more than usually with her. The feeling strengthened as the night advanced. Vivyan rang her bell early for tea, retired to her room immediately she had partaken of it, dismissed her maid after she had taken down her hair and put on a light wrap. Something impelled her to take out the rose from its hiding-place. She had not done so for a long time. She looked long and fixedly at it, living over again the past. Then she shut the drawer, closed the escritoire, and went and sat down in an easy-chair by the fire. The wind sounded in the chimney, and the icy cold even made itself felt in the warm room, with a penetration which fire and curtains could not effectually prevent. It was not exactly cold, but suggested cold without. Vivyan heaped a couple of logs from a wood basket on the fire, shaded her head with her hand, and fell into a reverie. The reverie became sleep. In her sleep a horror fell upon her. She saw again the room in which the banker lay dying, the pictures on the walls, the pattern of the carpet, the tracery of the delicate French paper, the bed, half-tester, with its heavy hangings, the still limbs. It almost seemed that in her sleep she strove not to look upon the bed's head, and the pillow upon which a face rested. Nevertheless fate was too strong for her. She did look

upon it; but, with a shudder which convulsed her frame without waking her, she recognized that it was not George Armstrong—but Lloyd Courtenay, who lay there cold and still.

Then the scene changed and Courtenay was offering her a rose. As he did so he became dim and vanished. The rose died in her hands, and seemed to sting her by its touch as though a very viper.

Now she was on board a boat alone with Lloyd on the water. He took her hand and gazed into her eyes with looks of adoring love, as he had done the night of the betrothal. He was going to embrace her, when Armstrong's face appeared behind, and flung him into the sea. As she saw him with a look of mortal agony on his features, and a despairing cry on his lips, the visions passed and she awoke.

It was midnight. The fire had nearly burnt itself out; only a few red embers remained. The bedroom was getting deathly cold. Still Vivyan did not seem inclined to get into bed. The influence of the visions remained upon her. She felt—and nothing could shake it off—that her lover was near to her.

Suddenly there came a loud ring at the bell, which reverberated through the silent, echo-full house. This was followed by the baying of the carriage dog from his kennel in the courtyard. An awful darkness of suspense, fear, superstitious dread seized upon Vivyan's heart-strings. She strove to cry, but no sound came.

But hers was a courageous nature which soon rallies. She put on a heavy cloak, and went out into the passage, carrying a chamber candlestick with a candle in it, hastily lighted. Soon the butler appeared, hurrying into his clothes, half asleep, and not knowing what had aroused him.

Together they descended the stairs. Before the great hall door could be unlocked they were joined by a footman, who had taken a minute longer to dress. At last the door was unfastened and thrown open. Beyond all was darkness in the thickly falling snow, but close to was something, not yet quite covered. It was a man lying at the very doorstep, who must have had just strength enough to pull the bell and then have fallen. An awful sinking at the heart told Vivyan who it was. If she had seen him clearly nothing could have made her more sure. Together the men bore the inanimate form, and placed it gently on the sofa of the room in which their mistress had so recently dined.

Then they brushed the snow off him,

and carefully wiped his face. It was indeed Lloyd Courtenay, but so old, so worn, so wan, so terribly altered and aged, only Vivyan recognized him. He must have been a dying man when he turned homewards, and the last struggle through the snow had done its final work. And yet not quite final. The heart still pulsed slightly. Vivyan knelt by his side with her arms round his neck. The groom went round to the stables to saddle a horse to fetch a doctor. But no earthly skill could avail anything. Vivyan felt this with a bitterness of despair, as she chafed the brow, and showered on lips and hair kiss after kiss. Even the servants felt it was a very sacred scene, and withdrew to the other end of the room. For one moment Lloyd opened his eyes, those eyes which had once been so beautiful, but were now filmy in death. He looked round. Then his eyes settled on Vivyan's face. Their gaze softened strangely as he looked into her eyes, an almost dog-like expression of fidelity and love came over him, and from the depths of his very being spoke to her inmost soul. It was only for a moment; then a deep drawn sigh, as of a weary child, once lost and wandering from home, now safe in its mother's arms with head pillowed on her breast; then rest, abiding, everlasting.

So men pass into sleep; but love dies not; because love is eternal. That only grows brighter and purer in the waiting time, as it prepares once more to unite severed hearts on the further shore.

From Longman's Magazine.

SOME INDIAN WILD BEASTS.

I WILL not try to enumerate all the wild beasts in India. It was my fate or fortune to meet a considerable number of them, under various circumstances and conditions, and though it compels me to be guilty of much disagreeable egotism, perhaps it may be in my power to tell something new about them. Yet it is very possible for an Englishman to spend many years in India without ever seeing a live wild beast. It would be less safe to assert that he will not have heard the voice of one, for even in the most civilized towns, such as Calcutta or Bombay, the jackal makes night hideous in the streets, and many a newly arrived visitor has jumped hastily from his bed, believing that a horrid murder was being committed within a

few yards of him. It was only a jackal howling under his window. The prowling beast had either found some prey, or having searched in vain for it, he was challenging his comrades to let him know how they had fared. The cry of the jackal is usually rendered into English in the following words: "Dead Hindoo, where, where, where, where, where?" The answer being: "Dead Hindoo, here, here, here, here here!" the tones rising and falling rhythmically in their dismal strain. Almost any one who has heard the jackal's cry can passably imitate it, and a wild jackal in India will stop to answer the sound if he cannot make out whence it comes. I was at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park one day, with an Anglo-Indian friend, who stood near the jackal cage and imitated the familiar cry. The jackal listened attentively, and after a while began to call in answer to the unsuspected visitor. The prairie wolf in an adjoining cage pricked up its ears, but apparently did not understand what the jackal said in his Indian vernacular.

On the first night of my arrival in Calcutta, I had been told by my kind host that the jackals in his garden would probably serenade me, and although thus warned, their yelling alarmed me not a little. But a native servant sleeping outside my room, in the verandah, jumped up and called out "Shoo!" as a child might say to a goose, and all was at once quiet. The first wild jackal that I remember to have seen was at Barrackpore during a visit to Sir Henry Hardinge, who was then governor-general of India. One of his personal staff had taken out two Scotch terriers to India, and he wished to try if they would kill a jackal; so a live-trap had been set, and it had caught a jackal, which was brought to the courtyard at the entrance of the viceregal mansion. Every one turned out to see the combat, and after a ten minutes' struggle, in which the dogs were severely bitten, the jackal gave in and lay down *exanimis* with its eyes closed. The dogs were taken away, and most of the party went indoors, but some of us stayed outside to finish our cigars, whilst a *moordafraash*, or sweeper, was sent for to remove the jackal's corpse. Then, when all was still, the jackal slyly opened his eyes, looked around, and, jumping up, rushed into the mouth of a barrel-drain close by. There it defied all our efforts to drown it out with water, and the dogs did not care to face it again in the drain. Doubtless, when night came on, the jackal emerged and rejoined his fam-

ily, and it may be that he lives to this day.

Although the jackal is small in body, it has very powerful jaws. It is the terror of all Indian nurseries, where the native servants seldom fail to frighten little English children about it. But the native servants know that the jackal is by no means a myth in their own village homes. From the statistics published annually by the government of India, I learn that in one year nine hundred and twenty-eight persons were killed by tigers, and in the same year more than one thousand children were carried off by jackals. A jackal finds a child sleeping or playing unprotected near its mother's hut, and is off with it in a moment. The audacity of a jackal is almost incredible. I was sitting one evening with a friend on his lawn near a bed of rather high rose-bushes. His dog, a terrier puppy about six months old, suddenly ran barking among the rose-bushes. There was a stifled yelp and a sort of scuffle, and we knew that a jackal had carried off the puppy within fifteen yards from us. Though we instantly rushed to the rescue, with at least a dozen native servants to help us afterwards in searching the whole garden, nothing was ever seen or heard again of that puppy or jackal. Under the name of the "phyoo" the jackal is believed by the natives of India to pilot a tiger to his prey. Some people aver that the phyoo is a distinct animal from the jackal, but no one can say that he has seen or slain such a beast. Indeed, the whole story is rather mythical, and it seems probable that a jackal, when it utters the cry known as the phyoo's cry, is not piloting the tiger, but it is raising a note of alarm at the approach of a tiger.

It may seem strange that so few Englishmen in India have ever seen a wild tiger. But they have little chance of seeing one. The tiger is a very scarce and shy animal; and though, according to a recent picture in the *Graphic*, he comes out occasionally to see the ladies at the Pachmuree Sanatorium, when they are taking an evening drive, they are exceptionally fortunate, or it may be unfortunate if they don't like it. It was nearly five years before I saw a live wild tiger, though during that period my efforts to see one had been very numerous in the Chittagong jungles. Fortunately for me, I never did see a live tiger at that period, for I was armed with only a light, smooth-bore gun, and except by the greatest good luck, its bullets would neither have killed nor stopped an angry tiger. Nevertheless, I used to walk after

sunset along the sandy bed of a small river, where the tracks of tigers were numerous. I have crept along the edge of the jungle on the little hills in the early morning, and have tracked the footsteps of five different tigers in the course of two or three hours, where they had retreated into the jungle after their midnight prowls outside. One morning I was sneaking up a ravine to get a shot at some hornbills perched up on a tree, when on looking down, I saw the footprints of a tiger so fresh before me, that the water from the sand was just trickling into them. The tiger can have been only a few paces in front of me, but it was probably as much afraid of me as I was of it. I mention these facts, not to boast of my own foolhardiness, but as showing that the tiger is a shy beast, and will rarely seek an encounter with a man if it can manage to slink away unseen.

But the time was to come when I was to be more successful in seeing wild tigers. Being transferred to the Bhagulpore district, I made friends with the Barnes's of Colgong, who were experienced sportsmen, and they soon introduced me to tiger-shooting from the howdah, with a line of elephants. We went to the Rajmahal jungles at the end of March, when the hot winds were blowing, and much of the high grass and reeds had been burnt. Charles Barnes knew the ground well, and the first day we put up a couple of tigers that were living in one of the cool green patches of grass that were left near some water. My first idea was that two ponies were cantering in front of the elephants, but I quickly corrected that mistake, and as my companions were good shots, both tigers were soon despatched. One day a great calamity befell us. We beat along the bed of a nullah or stream, with bushes on either side of it. I was on the right wing of the line, and after we had gone about four hundred yards, several fine spotted deer came out in front of me. It did not occur to me that these animals, instead of looking at my elephant, were still gazing towards the nullah. Charles Barnes called to me to shoot the deer, as we wanted venison for the camp, and I fired away all the eight barrels of my battery at the deer. I could not say, with *Æneas, numerum cum navibus æquat*, but I had secured one fine stag. Just as I was rejoicing at this, a big tiger cantered out of the bushes, not thirty yards in front of me. It was the tiger that the deer had been watching when they ran out of the bushes. All my guns were empty. I tried to re-load, but

breechloaders were not invented then, and long before I could get a barrel ready, the tiger was far out of shot. How disgusted we all were, and how we despised the beautiful spotted stag which lay dead. But better luck was in store for us. For we went off in pursuit of the big tiger, and though we never saw him again on that day, we came upon his wife and two nearly full-grown cubs, who were busy with the carcase of a cow that they had killed. As our elephants approached them, the three tigers came roaring at us, but they none of them, made good their charge. Altogether we had a lucky day, although the loss of the big tiger rankled long in my heart. We killed nine full-grown tigers and the two large cubs in the course of twelve days' shooting, which was considered good sport; but of course we had some blank days, and the heat and the glare about midday were scorching.

From that time forth for a long series of years, it was my good fortune to be able to shoot many tigers in eastern Bengal, sometimes single-handed, but preferably with one or more companions. I never came to grief, or had any native with me injured by a tiger, but there is always the chance of an accident when playing with edge-tools. I was almost invariably in company with experienced men and good shots. But some men are excitable, however experienced. One day, as we were starting after a notorious tiger, the wife of my companion implored me not to let her husband get off his elephant till the tiger was dead. I thought little of her words at the moment; but, by-and-by, after rather a scrimmage, I had stopped the tiger with a shot through his back, that paralyzed him so that he could not rise. As he lay glaring at me with his terrible big green eyes, I was horrified to see my companion running up to the tiger on foot, for he had jumped down from his elephant on seeing the tiger fall. Luckily I had a spare barrel, with which I put a bullet through the tiger's head at once, and his eyes ceased to glare.

It was my good luck with two friends to get twenty-three tigers in one expedition of three weeks on the Berhampooter churs, but we had to work very hard indeed for it. I merely mention this to justify myself in writing about the wild tiger. From the security of the howdah, I have seen him in almost every position, usually sneaking off, trying to hide himself, but sometimes charging and fighting for his life. The pictures of sporting incidents are often exaggerated, and so are

the descriptions of them. The tiger is usually an unwilling combatant, and seldom fights except in despair. On more than one occasion, it seemed as if the tiger thought the elephants were only big cows, and that they could be easily frightened or killed. In eastern Bengal a man-eating tiger is seldom found. But if a tiger has once, by chance or intention, killed a human being, he finds the human neck so fragile, and the human being so incapable of resistance, that he is less disposed to take the trouble to kill the deer or cattle, who in their death struggles may hurt him with their sharp horns and hoofs. Nor is a man-eating tiger always old and mangy, as some writers have said. The finest and cleanest tigress that I ever shot had been killing human beings for some little time before the news of her ravages reached me.

After many years of casual tiger-shooting in eastern Bengal, I was transferred to Burdwan, where the rajah had a very fine menagerie, with several tigers in it. The rajah, who is long since dead, was a well-educated, intelligent, and most kind and charitable man, but it was his pleasure at times to have a live young pig put in the den of his pet tiger. The tiger killed its prey, always seizing it by the back of the neck, whilst the long fangs were fixed deeply in the lower part of the throat. Usually the victim's neck was broken, and death was instantaneous. If the neck of an animal is too large for the broad grip of the tiger's open jaws, as in the case of a large wild boar or a buffalo, the tiger prefers to leave it alone. Where leopards abound, the owner of a dog does well to protect his dog's neck with a strong metal and spiked collar, to make the dog proof against the ordinary attack of a leopard.

The summit of my happiness was attained when I was appointed by government to be president of the honorary committee who superintended the management of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens. We had an abundant supply of tigers, for the private owner of a tiger soon gets tired of it, and as there is no regular market for tigers, the owners gladly presented them to the Zoo, whilst their liberality was duly acknowledged on the tickets in front of the cages. As most people rise early in India, I used to drive to the Zoo nearly every morning in the week, and walk about with our scientific member, Dr. Anderson, and our other colleagues, to see the animals. The public never came till later in the day, so we had the beasts quietly to ourselves, and saw

them to the best advantage. The native keepers treated them very kindly. Each tiger seemed to have a special character of its own. They would usually eat from our hands the green *dhoop* grass, fresh with dew, which we gathered and gave them through the bars. One tiger was blind, and would let itself be handled and patted by us, as would also a beautiful tigress which had been brought up by hand, for it was a tiny cub when its mother was shot by me near Dacca. The others were more or less friendly, only it was safer to rub their backs with a stick than with the hand, for a tiger whips round very swiftly, and though it might mean no harm, it might give an ugly bite. We had two very fine man-eating tigers with which it was unsafe to play, though they would eat the fresh, dewy grass greedily when put before them. They had killed many human beings before they had been caught alive in pitfalls, and they had not forgotten it. But the large male of this pair was a coward, and at the sight of a small tame elephant in front of his den, he would run into his inner compartment and hide himself. He had never seen an elephant in his native wilds, but he did not like the look of it. So I remember the case of a tiger in the Burdwan menagerie, which could not endure the sight of a white man, but hid itself in its den; though it was perfectly indifferent as to the dark-skinned natives if they went to look at it. But, however familiar we became with our tigers in the early morning, when we were alone with them, we had to leave them to themselves when the public came to look at them. Some of the public seemed to think that it showed their spirit and courage to rattle at the bars of the cages with their sticks, or to poke up the tigers with their umbrellas. Moreover, the public always crowded to see the animals at their feeding time, when of course they become excitable, so that it was not the right time for playing with them.

I will pass on from tigers to bears, of which there are many kinds in India. Those with which I was best acquainted were the small black plains-bears, which are common in any part of Bengal where there are rocks and caves to provide them with a home. The plains-bear is an ugly, awkward, black-haired fellow; but he is much quicker and more active than he looks. Whenever I heard of a man who was going out bear-shooting for the first time, I used to advise him to go and see one of the bears in our menagerie and learn a lesson. This bear, whenever a

stranger came and rapped on the bars of his outer den, rushed out from his inner den like a flash of lightning, and bounced against the iron gratings as if he would have dashed through them. It is advisable to learn what a bear can do in this way, before you go and put fireworks into his cave, and stand outside on a little rock about four feet high to get a shot at him as he comes out. If he is at home, he will come out fast enough; and if he sees you, he will be on that rock beside you before you can say "knife." Many accidents have occurred to inexperienced men who fancied that the bear would quietly come out, and stand up on his hind legs, and give them an early shot at his white waistcoat. I would recommend a novice to get on a rock at least ten feet high, or to stand behind a rock, so that the bear cannot directly see him. A bear in a fury, with all its thick, long hair on end, looks much bigger than was expected, and when he stands up on his hind legs he measures some six feet in height. Though not carnivorous, he has some big canine teeth, which make dangerous wounds, and with his long claws he has a bad habit of scalping a man if he can get a paw on his head. One bear at a time is an ugly customer for a man on foot; but perhaps, when you are expecting one bear to bolt from its cave, the fireworks that you have thrown in drive out two bears. I never much liked shooting bears on foot. It was too dangerous for my taste, for bullets were always flying about in wrong directions, and the bears seldom broke cover exactly where they were expected to come. Of course it is perfectly safe to shoot a bear from a howdah on an elephant; but it is also easy to miss a bear, for his brain is small and well protected, and his long, thick hair makes it difficult to judge the most vulnerable part of his body.

I had a sort of childish weakness for the tame or performing bears which are led about the country by the men who have tamed and taught them. My servants had a standing order to bring every performing bear that they heard of to my house. The small black bears were most common, but from time to time men from Cashmere came with the large Isabelline bears from that part of India, and they were all welcome. The greatest objection is that each poor bear has had every tooth in his head pulled out, and wears a muzzle, of which it is one object to prevent the spectator from noticing the absence of the bear's teeth. After a certain amount of preliminary "talkee-

talkee," the performance or combat begins. The man has covered his naked back with a thick piece of cowhide, but the rest of his garb is little more than a pocket-handkerchief. He slaps his naked arms and chest with his hands, and challenges the bear to come on. Bruin, standing fully as tall as the man, waddles forward with his head comically on one side, and after a few feints and passes, the man is locked in the bear's embrace. The cowhide on the man's back protects him from the bear's long claws, but to those who see the contest for the first time the position seems very dangerous. The man struggles and twists about, and tries in vain to trip up the bear, and all the while he is talking loudly, abusing the bear and all its ancestors with most untranslatable bad language, whilst he gradually seems to become more and more exhausted. Just as the spectator begins to get really anxious for the man's safety, there is a sudden twist—probably a preconcerted signal to the bear—and the pair roll over on the ground, the man promptly rising victorious, and planting his foot on the bear's neck. Throughout the combat the bear usually wears a stolid look of indifference whilst the man is shouting and abusing it, but, accustomed as I was to watch the struggle, and knowing full well that it invariably ended well, there have been times when it seemed as if the man would really be hurt, and that some one ought to interpose. But I never saw or heard of an accident. If you pay a visit to the huts where the bears and the men usually put up on the outskirts of a town, you will find them living as amicably together as the Irishman and his pig; and if you arouse them in the cold weather in the early morning, it is difficult to distinguish man from bear as they begin to rise from their slumbers on the same bed of straw.

I had an intention of saying something about elephants, of which I thought that I knew a little. But I give it up. The performing elephants to be seen in England are so very different from the animals that I used to know that I should be at once convicted of error by any boy or girl, to say nothing of grown-up people, who have witnessed the wondrous performances of Lockhart's elephants, or the many trained animals that may be seen in the itinerant menageries. Of course people will believe what they have seen with their own eyes; and as they thus know that an elephant walks on two legs, or stands on its head, or plays a musical

instrument, or rides a bicycle, just as its keeper prompts it, it would be of little use for me to say anything of the humdrum accomplishments of the Indian elephant and his mahout, with which the public used to be satisfied. In England I have seen a bear riding on a horse, and at Paris a short time ago a lion was exhibited similarly mounted. There may be countries where these animals divert themselves thus *secundum naturam*, but I can only apologize for my ignorance of it.

Of all Indian animals the wild boar is the best and bravest. I have seen a great deal of him, having for many years hunted him on horseback, or with a line of elephants to drive him out of the thick coverts, so that other men well mounted on fleet horses might pursue and slay him with their spears. I was but an indifferent performer with the hog-spear, and have no feats of prowess to recount, though I once took a first spear where about ten other men were eager for that honor; but it was a very small boar, and it was quite his own fault that he fell into my hands, for I was sitting smoking at the end of a covert just thinking of starting for home after a blank morning, when the animal rushed out, and in self-defence I was obliged to spear it. How angry some of the other men were at my luck, though they did not all know how unmerited it was.

Being disabled from riding by an accident, it subsequently became my pleasant function to manage the line of beating elephants, with which, in lower Bengal, we had to drive the wild boar from his lair, in high rushes and thick grass and thorny bushes, so as to make him break across the open plain and fly for his life to some other shelter. It was most interesting to watch the dodges and devices of a cunning old grey boar as I stood in my howdah and tried to get the elephants to drive him out at a point convenient for the riders. The boar usually had his own ideas as to the line that he would take if he were compelled to face the open; but before coming to that last resource he would try everything else. Perhaps it was not heroic conduct on his part, but he would seek to induce the fat old sow, his wife, with her infant progeny, to go out and show themselves as a blind to the hunters. If there were any of his older sons in the jungle, he would roust them from their hiding-places, and try to drive them out, to become a vicarious sacrifice. He would lie down

and hide himself in an incredibly small patch of grass, so that the elephants might pass him by unsuspectingly; or, if too carelessly pressed by a loose line, he would charge right at some loitering elephant's legs, and there are very few elephants that will not flinch and turn aside from a wild boar's charge. It needed much patience and watchfulness to contend with all the wiles of the clever animal. I usually carried a gun loaded with snipe-shot, and a charge fired into the grass or bushes just behind where the boar was moving generally startled him, and if a chance pellet hit him he thought it best to quit the covert and trust to his speed to reach some stronger shelter or swamp impenetrable to elephants and horses. If the riders kept well back so as not to turn the boar again into the covert, he would have about a hundred yards' start before the sound of their horses' hoofs and the cries of "Tally ho" informed him of the coming danger. It takes a very fast horse to catch a full-grown boar in a gallop over the open plain, but every experienced rider knows that he must go as hard as he can if he means to spear the animal. I shall not try to repeat the oft-told tale of the mortal combat that ensues. Oftentimes I could see all the incidents of the chase from my howdah, for not unfrequently the boar when overtaken would jink and come round again to the jungle from which he had started. When men ride really well the boar seldom escapes, unless he has the luck to find some deep swamp through which the horses cannot follow him. A full-grown wild boar in lower Bengal is about thirty inches high, but they are sometimes found as high as thirty-six inches, and there is a skeleton in the Indian Museum in Calcutta of a boar that was forty inches at the shoulder. There is almost as much difference in the anatomy of a wild boar and a tame one as there is between a man-of-war and a merchant ship. In the size of the brain the wild boar has a marked superiority, and perhaps this accounts for his great courage, which makes him fearless of everything. One morning, looking out of a railway carriage, I saw a wild boar come charging down at the passing train, but he missed it, for the train was going too fast for him, and he was a little hampered in forcing his way through the wire railway fencing.

I had something to do with rhinoceros, but never succeeded in shooting one, though I sought for them for three long and hot days under the guidance of the best

sportsman in Assam; and I visited their haunts in the Sunderbunds with men of great local experience. But the rhinoceros, like all big animals, has acute senses of smelling and hearing, and makes off at the slightest indication of danger. We had a large one in the Calcutta Zoo which was very tame, and when it got a bad abscess in the head, of which it eventually died, it used to come and lie down to have its ear syringed by the veterinary surgeon, whom it learned to recognize. There were two fine rhinoceros in the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan in the inclosure in which the crocodiles were kept, for the pond in which the crocodiles used to swim served also as a bathing-place for the rhinoceros. One day a young pig had been turned into the inclosure to become food for the crocodiles, and as these animals do not travel very fast on land, piggy led them a lively chase, and at last, perhaps by chance, it took refuge under the legs of one of the rhinoceros, which was looking on solemnly, but when the crocodiles approached the rhinoceros, the latter presented his horn and warned the crocodiles to be off. And so the pig survived and grew up and lived for some months under the protection of the rhinoceros. I saw it there, and sent an account of it to my cousin, Frank Buckland. But in the course of time piggy became over-confident, and one day, as he was walking through some high grass near the pond, one of the crocodiles that was lying there in the sun swept him into the water with his powerful tail and plunged in after him, and no more was seen of poor piggy save that the waters were stained with his blood. When our large rhinoceros in the Calcutta Zoo died, I wrote to every native prince and potentate of my acquaintance to beg for a new specimen, but they had none to spare. At last I wrote to an old friend, a native magistrate, named Tyjurnal Ali, as follows: "My dear Sir,—When I was a magistrate and you were a policeman, if I ordered you to catch a thief, you caught him. Now you are a magistrate in the Sunderbunds I want you to catch a rhinoceros for the Zoo, and am sure you will not fail." My friend replied, urging the difficulties of the case, but promising to do his best. Several months passed, when one day a man appeared with a letter to me. "Honored Sir,—Herewith I send you a rhinoceros, which my shikaris have caught after much labor. They shot the mother and then secured the young one. Please forgive me for sending such a small one, but it will soon get bigger. I am

your obedient servant, Tyjurnal Ali." It was a dear little beast, and quite gentle, so that a man could ride on it. It grew very fast, but it got fever when its large teeth began to come, and so it died. We lost several young elephants in the same way from fever when teething.

Crocodiles, or, as they are more commonly called, alligators, were very common in eastern Bengal. I could not venture to guess how many hundreds I must have seen in many voyages through the Sunderbunds, and in navigating the large rivers and backwaters of the Dacca division. In Calcutta children sometimes keep little crocodiles as pets, but they seldom live long. I have fired many shots at them, but I cannot pretend to have killed many—at least, outright. The crocodile is very tenacious of life. Once when staying at an indigo factory on the Ganges, we were greeted on our return from a long morning's shooting by the news that some fishermen had caught a live crocodile in their nets, and had brought it upon a bullock-cart to the factory. A strong rope was tied round its loins, and it was put into the factory tank or reservoir while we dressed and breakfasted. After about an hour we had the creature pulled out of the tank and tried to kill it. A few bullets seemed to make little impression; a spear thrust down its throat was of no avail. At last its head was chopped off with a Sontal axe, and the body was cut open and the vital organs taken out. The muscular action still continued to move the tail when the beast was headless and its heart was lying on the ground by its side. This crocodile was about six feet long, and a large fish was found in its stomach. In the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan there were several very large crocodiles, as has been already mentioned. They were kept in a reservoir full of dirty water covered with green scum. It was the rajah's custom to give these creatures a live duck occasionally. When a poor duck was thrown into the pond, the head and eyes of a large crocodile might be visible just above the water. When the duck had recovered from the fall, and had settled and plumed its feathers, it would usually paddle away a few feet from the spot where it had alighted. Meanwhile the crocodile's head and eyes had disappeared from their original position, but only to reappear suddenly on the exact spot where the duck had first alighted. It was marvellous with what exactness the crocodile had marked and measured the distance that it had to dive through the thick,

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muddy water. Of course, as soon as the duck saw its enemy it fled, splashing and fluttering, to the other side of the tank. But it was only an escape from Scylla to Charybdis; for there were several crocodiles in the tank, and the poor duck had rushed wildly into the jaws of another monster. The huge jaws opened and closed, and the duck was seen no more. In the Calcutta Zoo we sometimes kept a crocodile in a cage for the public to see at their leisure. Unfortunately, we had more crocodiles than we wanted, for volunteer crocodiles from the river Hooghly and its tributaries found their way over our fences and walls into the ornamental waters, where they killed several of our black swans and English swans, and other valuable birds, before we found them out or could provide a safe refuge at night for our pets. The water was drained off from the lakes, and several sportsmen attended in the hope of getting some crocodile-shooting; but the crafty animals had buried themselves in the mud, and were strictly invisible.

Let me turn to the more innocuous tribe of monkeys, which are usually favorites with young people. I regret to say that one of my earliest mentors in sport taught me to shoot wild monkeys for the sake of their skins, from which we made comfortable, soft racquet-shoes. But I soon abandoned the evil practice; and in after-times did what I could to make up to the monkeys for this unkindness. I flatter myself that I once saved the life of a large ourang-outang in the Calcutta Zoo. He was a big, ugly fellow, all covered with red hair. He had got out of his house and was walking about the gardens, when he was seen by some casual workmen, who were much frightened, and began to throw bricks at him, and strike at him with big sticks, and probably they would have hunted him to death. Luckily, I appeared on the scene, and ordering the crowd to stand back, I went forward and offered the ourang-outang my hand. He immediately took hold of my wrist, and we walked off together to his house, rather a comical-looking pair I fancy, and he gladly took refuge indoors. He was really very tame, and would always eat grain out of the palm of my hand, holding my wrist tightly with his hand till the grain was finished. Some of the ourang-outangs that we had were so tame that they used to be let out loose in the gardens until the hour when the public began to arrive. But they did much mischief to our trees. For

it was their pleasure to get up the trunk of a tree and break off some of the branches, and make for themselves a platform to sit upon, about twenty feet from the ground. If they had been content with one tree, it would not have signified so much; but when the leaves of the shady bower that they had built began to wither away and to give insufficient protection from the sun, they commenced to build a new house and to ruin another tree. They were very sensitive of the heat of the sun. My particular friend mentioned above had the misfortune to lose his wife, a lady of much darker color and rather larger than himself, and, if it is not too rude to say so, even much uglier. But he was very fond of her, and of their baby, which was a few months old, and quite pretty in comparison with its parents. But the poor lady died, and her husband was inconsolable. He planted himself out in the heat of the midday sun, until he got a *coup de soleil*, followed by paralysis, and he also died. We had specimens in the Zoo of nearly every kind of monkey in India, but I have no space to tell of them in detail. Most monkeys are gregarious in their habits, and like to live together in a troop. If kept singly they droop in spirits and neglect their toilets, "whereas," writes Dr. Anderson, "if two or more are kept together they mutually attend to personal cleanliness in the way which is so characteristic of their race."

I have also learnt from Dr. Anderson, that no monkey of the Old World uses its tail as an organ for prehension — whereas in the monkeys of the New World, the tail is as much used as a fifth hand. But if the Old World monkeys have not got prehensile tails, there is one quaint animal in India that makes up for this shortcoming. This is the binturang, the creature that I loved most of all the beasts in the Zoo. It is about the size of an English fox, with pointed nose, tufted ears, and a long, shaggy, pepper-and-salt-colored coat, with a very thick, tapering, prehensile tail. All the specimens that we had were very tame and tractable, and would do almost anything if bribed with a plantain or banana. One rather large one delighted to come out and play with us and climb up our legs, and then lower itself from an outstretched arm by its tail. One day the lieutenant-governor of Bengal came to see the animals, and we took him to look at the binturang. The playful creature at once fraternized with him, as if he had been an ordinary man and not a lieutenant-

governor. It climbed up his leg on to his shoulder, and then gracefully hung from his neck, round which it had curled its tail. The tableau was lovely; and it might have gladdened the heart of Mr. Harry Furniss to see it, but the lieutenant-governor did not quite like it.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

From The National Review.

A KENTISH PILGRIM ROAD.

No better example of English conservatism in the matter of local nomenclature can be found than in the name of "The Old Pilgrim," which still clings to the road we purpose to follow, although not only have three centuries and a half elapsed since the last band of religious devotees passed along it, but in many places it has ceased to be used as a highway at all. Although it has never been immortalized after the manner of the more famous Watling Street, along which Chaucer's company travelled on their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, it was a very important and much-used line of route, inasmuch as pilgrims from all the west and south-west of England followed it, besides many from London who were unwilling to run the risks and dangers attending a journey along the great Roman highway.

Coming from the south-west by the line of the Surrey hills which run above Guildford, Dorking, and Reigate, the Old Pilgrim enters Kent at Tatsfield above the town of Westerham, and, passing under the brow of the hills but above the valley line of towns and villages, pursues a circuitous course which sufficiently testifies to the danger attending journeys in the so-called good old days. The pilgrim guide-posts in those days, as now, were the dotted line of sombre yew-trees planted along the hillsides above the old way, which accompany it faithfully to the end, and at many a doubtful point the modern pilgrim may reassure himself by keeping these ancient sentinels in view.

When the extraordinary veneration with which Saint Thomas was regarded from the date of his martyrdom until the dissolution of the monasteries is borne in mind, it can be readily comprehended that bands of pilgrims heavily laden with costly offerings had excellent reasons for following a sequestered road which, although doubling their exertions, at any rate ensured them safety; and so thoroughly unobtrusive is

our Old Pilgrim Road that many people living in towns within a mile or two of it are absolutely unaware of its existence.

For the first five miles, during which the way skirts Westerham Valley, there is very little to interest the modern explorer. Formerly it cut across Chevening Park, but it was diverted by act of Parliament some years ago in the face of much public opposition and irritation, and we must make a detour in order to rejoin it at the point where it leaves the London and Sevenoaks highroad. Indeed, we would advise the start to be made from Otford; and, always premising that the journey is to be done, as it should be, on foot, get to Lenham, a distance of twenty-three miles, the first day, arriving at Canterbury, twenty-one miles farther on, the next evening.

Otford, now a pleasant little village, beautifully situated on the river Darent, amidst typical Kentish scenery of wooded hill and quiet dale, famous as a resort of anglers, was in old days a place of some importance.

Two great battles have been fought here: the first in 773 between the kings of Kent and Mercia, whereat the former was beaten; the latter, two hundred years later, when Canute and his Danes completely defeated Edmund Ironside.

But the chief interest of Otford is centred around the remains of its archiepiscopal palace, one of those stately resting-houses used by the prelates on their solemn, leisurely progresses between the temporal and the spiritual capitals of which Croydon and Charing are specimens.

Although nothing remains above ground but a picturesque, ivy-clad tower and a line of buildings now used as farm cottages, but with the evident stamp of cloisters upon them, traces of what must have been a very extensive mass of buildings are still to be seen scattered about the surrounding fields in all directions.

The visits of Thomas à Becket are still commemorated in the name given to a tumble-down, bramble-grown mass of masonry known as Becket's Well, the water of which is believed to be beneficial to those suffering from blood diseases, and in the local tradition that nightingales never sing at Otford because they disturbed the holy man at his prayers one evening.

From Otford we ascend the chalky down to the Old Pilgrim, hereabouts a broad and well-used road. At about two miles distance we turn down to the right into

the village of Kemsing—one of the few “ings” of Kent—in pilgrim days a halting-place for the sake of Saint Edith, who was born here, and whose name still clings to a massively built well which stands on the typical English green, and of which the water, as might be expected, is reputed of high medicinal value.

After we regain the Pilgrim track, we find it gradually dwindling in size until it becomes a mere grassy lane running between lofty hedges, which effectually shut out all view. Probably for much the same reason which made the sixteenth-century pilgrims adopt this sequestered road, the modern tramp and the modern Romanny favor it extensively. Indeed, but for their patronage it would be altogether unused, and we have walked for hours along it without meeting with a single human being.

To them, however, it is, as the Romanny term is, a *kek-keno mush's puu*—a no-man's land; the traces of their fires dot its entire length hereabouts, and as daylight fades they may be seen squatting around their fires, the *kak kavi* boiling, the horses turned out to browse, and the orthodox, round-topped *tan*, or tent, in process of construction. Robbery or even murder might be perpetrated here without the smallest chance of detection; but the writer has never experienced anything but politeness and hospitality from these children of Egypt, although wild horses will hardly tear from them any information about their language beyond the rendering of a few of the commonest phrases and words.

We proceed between the lofty hedges, sweet-scented with a luxuriant wealth of wild flowers, the woodland depths on our left hand literally carpeted with them; occasionally catching a glimpse through a break in the hedge of the pleasant valley and the wooded hills, amidst which are dotted many of those ancient Kentish halls to which the warlike errand went in the days of the Invincible Armada.

At five miles from Otford we cut the main road to the Sussex seacoast, just above the pleasant village of Wrotham, our path still creeping along obscurely, under the brow of the hill, with the dotted yew-trees above it, and for the most part grass grown. It is utterly deserted, and seems to be clothed with an appropriate silence; with that silence which pervades some of our old coach roads, or such ancient Roman causeways and British tracks as have ceased to be arteries of communication; with a silence which inspires med-

itation over the transient character of the sturdiest institutions, and makes it difficult for us to picture the characteristic scenes of old English wayfaring life which must have been daily enacted where now nature runs wild for lack of restraint, and a man may linger during a long summer day without hearing any sound but the song of birds or the rustle of rabbits in the underwood.

Five miles farther on we turn down to the right and, passing by Paddleworth Farm, a collection of time-worn buildings which seem to speak of grander days bygone, enter the broad main street of Snodland.

Here we are suddenly plunged into the noise and activity of the workaday world, for Snodland is one of the glass and paper making towns which line the Medway banks. Still, the place retains its primitiveness so far that the river is unbridged, and we cross it by a ferry which lands us in a muddy region apparently devoted to the cultivation of long grass.

Passing deserted Burham old church, we ascend through a brand-new yellow brick district which has sprung up about Burham new church, and follow the Old Pilgrim until it cuts at right angles the main road from Rochester to Maidstone, just below the Lower Bell Inn.

Here we are on historic ground.

Local tradition selects this road as being that along which Mr. Pickwick undertook to drive, and Mr. Winkle to ride upon a memorable occasion; and furthermore, insists that “somewhere hereabouts” was Dingley Dell, where was played the immortal cricket match with All Muggleton, at which Mr. Alfred Jingle was such a prominent spectator.

Be that as it may, we are in the country of Charles Dickens, and he probably knew this road as well as he knew every other within a wide circle of his retreat at Gads Hill.

But much more ancient history has surrounded this corner of Kent with stirring memories.

Between this point of the crossing of the Old Pilgrim and the Maidstone roads, and the little town of Aylesford, lying away to our right beneath the smoke of its pottery and paper works, was fought that great battle between the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa on one side and the Britons under Vortigern, which, says Mr. Green, “struck the keynote of the whole English conquest of Britain.”

Horsa was killed in this fight, as was Catigern the brother of Vortigern, and

antiquaries are ready to point out the burial places of the two leaders; the former at Horsted or Horstep, about three miles on the road to Rochester, the latter beneath that strange, solitary cromlech known as Kits Coty House, which stands on the slope of a field nearly opposite the Lower Bell Inn. This interesting relic of a buried age consists of three huge upright stones, each eight feet high, supporting a slab twelve feet long by nine feet broad, placed so as to command a view over the entire country side. All around, in the fields below, and on the hills above, are scattered huge stones which seem to point to the existence of an extensive British cemetery; one collection in particular, situated in a field below, being known as the Uncounted Stones.

So much, however, has been written by skillful hands about Kits Coty House and its neighbors that a mere passing notice suffices in a paper dealing, as does this, with more general matters. One interesting feature of this country, however, may be appropriately noticed. Along the line of Watling Street, but north of it, between Chatham and Faversham, the land may be described as one vast brickfield. This modern brick-making industry is a lineal descendant of the ancient pottery industry which existed in the same district in Roman times, and which produced the bluish-brown Upchurch ware, which seems to have been more than locally famous, as specimens of it are dug up not only wherever Roman remains have been unearthed in Britain, but even on the Continent. A great deal of this pottery has been found in the neighborhood of Kits Coty House; and without doubt the remains of Roman houses which have been brought to light near Snodland and Lower Halling are those of villas belonging to the old Roman pottery princes.

Leaving the Maidstone road behind us we continue our course along the Old Pilgrim, which immediately resumes its neglected, solitary appearance.

At two miles distance we turn down to the right into Boxley. Here is a famous old inn, the Queen's Head, which, our hostess assures us, has been a house of call ever since the old pilgrim days, when upon its site no doubt stood one of the most important caravanserais along the route, as hard by was a goal of pilgrimages at one time hardly less famous than the shrine of Saint Thomas himself.

Pleasant gardens stretch behind the inn, and hither on Saturdays and Sundays in summer resort large numbers of soldiers,

sailors, and dockyard men from Chatham. The figure-head of the old line-of-battle ship Howe, standing amidst the trees, is religiously decked with laurel and evergreen upon every anniversary of the glorious First of June.

But the fame of Boxley is, of course, centred upon its associations with the ecclesiastical history of our land. Of the stately abbey, dedicated to the three-day-old Saint Rumbald, hardly a vestige remains; and as we saunter beneath the grand old trees, it is hard to realize that hither in old days flocked annually hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, not only from the uttermost parts of Britain, but from beyond the seas.

It was in Boxley Church that was kept that celebrated piece of clerical humbug, the Rood of Grace, an image of the Virgin which, by ingenious mechanism, was made to move its head and eyes, and which was so potent a conductor of the pence of the poor into the clerical purse that when Henry VIII.'s ruthless and unappreciative commission exposed the imposture, and caused the image to be carried to London and burned at Paul's Cross, Boxley Abbey revenues sank into insignificance. Boxley Abbey, it should be said, is some way from Boxley village, and the pilgrim is barely repaid for quitting his line of road; but if the deviation is made, it is as well to go on to Allington, sweetest of Kentish villages, where are the ruins of the castle long the home of the Wyatts, where lived and wrote the Sir Thomas described by Tennyson in "Queen Mary" as

Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own grey towers, plain life and letter'd
peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields;
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song.

Continuing our road from Boxley Green along the Old Pilgrim, we pass through Deptling and Thurnham, by Thurnham Place, famous for its avenue, through Broad Street to Hollingbourne, the very name of which carries us back to the pilgrim days.

Half way down the village street on the right hand stands a typical, stately manor-house of the old Elizabethan type. It is now inhabited and furnished anew from attics to basement, but when we first saw it it had stood empty for many years, and was as complete a picture of forlorn, faded grandeur as ever harbored novelist's ghost or was linked with romantic crime. Under the guidance of a little girl we wan-

dered through room after room, admiring the carved oaken fireplaces, the sturdy panelling, and the quaintly carved cornices, along winding passages with odd nooks and corners and the most meaningless little flights of stairs; we ascended a broad staircase with curiously twisted balusters to a dim, upper region of dust and decay, where mouldy tapestry still clung to the walls, and grim family pictures rotted in their frames. Our guide could tell us no more than that the house had been in this condition as long as she could remember, but that she had "heard say" that a "London gentleman" had bought it, and was going to make it his home.

The next time we saw it we found that our little friend's hearsay was truth, and as we surveyed it with its new face, we were not sorry to have seen the last of it in its old garb. History such a house must have, but we have consulted Hasted and other Kentish authorities in vain, for they dismiss it with the briefest of notices.

A deviation from the Old Pilgrim to be recommended is to continue through Holingbourne by way of Greenway Court, the ancient seat of the Culpepers, and strike the main Maidstone road in sight of Leeds Castle, one of the most historic piles in this most historical of counties, associated as it is with Richard II., Henry IV., Joan of Navarre, Eleanor, the wife of "Good Duke Humphrey," George III., and Queen Charlotte.

It was on the Old Pilgrim, near Holingbourne, that we met, one fair May morning, a procession of neatly dressed juveniles clustered about two little girls, who were carrying on a broomstick between them a doll seated under a canopy of wild flowers. At our approach the procession halted, and the priestesses of Flora — of course utterly unconscious that they were performing a ceremony which had perhaps been performed in this very neighborhood eighteen centuries ago by little Roman maidens — recited some verses of doggerel and solicited largesse, which we gladly bestowed, in our delight at beholding at any rate one harmless old rural custom observed in this prosaic latter end of the nineteenth century.

We turn down from the Old Pilgrim, which is here barely to be traced, as its course, through long disuse, has become a ditch thickly, nay, impenetrably overgrown, and enter pleasant Harrietsham. We may as well warn pilgrims against making the detour in order to see Harrietsham Church, for the building is kept

as jealously shut up as if it contained the national regalia.

Two miles farther on we reach Lenham, a large village, where excellent accommodation may be had at the Bear Inn.

Lenham Church, open all day as it ought to be, is an interesting building, and was formerly attached to the monastery of Saint Augustine at Canterbury. In the chancel are still the stalls used by the Augustinian canons when they made their visitations, quaintly carved oaken structures, with the usual movable seats. There is also a stone confessional, an exceedingly curious carved pulpit, an oaken lectern, and some good woodwork in the roof.

We make an attempt, upon resuming our journey, to follow the Old Pilgrim conscientiously into Charing, but are forced to give it up, the attempt consisting of a series of flounderings amidst brambles and undergrowth, of plodding across ploughed fields, by no means conducive to a proper pilgrim frame of mind; so we return to the uninteresting and unlovely highroad for the four miles yet to be done.

Charing is a most interesting village, and well worth a stay. Here was another of those stately archiepiscopal residences, a halt at which must have so materially smoothed the journey from London to Canterbury; so that Charing was a place of some importance until the sixteenth century. After the dissolution, it shared the fate of so many other country places which absolutely depended upon the monkish rule for their existence, and drifted into decay and lifelessness.

The era of coaches, however, revived it; for, standing at the junction of the four great roads from Maidstone, Canterbury, Ashford, and Faversham, it became a convenient point for change and halt. But when the coaches were driven out of existence by railways, Charing sank for a second time, only, however, to be again revived by the same power which dealt the blow — the making of the Chatham and Dover branch to Ashford, with a station at Charing. Moreover, wheelmen and driving parties found the village convenient as a place of call and rest, so that the two excellent inns now do a roaring trade. Indeed, the explorer of rustic England would find it hard to match the King's Head and the Swan at Charing for good entertainment at a most moderate rate.

The remains of Charing Old Palace are interesting, although scanty, but they probably do not represent a quarter of the

original buildings. A quaint, ivy-clad farmhouse occupies the interior of the courtyard, into which we pass through a double archway, and the date, 1586, over a mullioned window seems to point to its being part of the original building. But all around us we may read sermons in stones upon the instability of human grandeur. Here a man is forking hay through the delicately chased window of what was the chapel. Out of the roof of the ancient banqueting hall, which exteriorly reminds us of Eltham, the hideous cowl of a modern oast-house protrudes. The usual litter of a farmyard, amidst which pigs and poultry disport themselves, lies piled against grand old masonry, which may have heard the cheers which greeted Henry VII. when he was entertained here by Archbishop Morton, or the shouts of the revellers on that night when Henry VIII. lodged here *en route* for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A large portion of the original wall encloses broad fields, upon the turf of which we may trace far and wide the outlines of the walls of vanished buildings; and as the ground often rings with a hollow sound, we may, perhaps, see some reason in the local belief that there are miles of subterraneous passages and chambers.

The church is interesting to those who can sufficiently smother their feelings of annoyance at finding it shut up to take the trouble to get the keys. With reference to a fire which destroyed part of the building, including the belfry, at the end of the sixteenth century, runs the rhyme:—

Dirty Charing lies in a hole;
She has but one bell, and that she stole.

The theft alluded to having been committed, so it is said, at Lenham, in order to replace the bells consumed in the fire.

The village contains a number of old half-timbered houses, but the proximity of the railway will, no doubt, very soon improve them off the face of the earth. Indeed, as it is, Ashford is, from a sentimental point of view, a great deal too near Charing, and much as the railway artisan is to be respected, his Sunday deportment, although quite harmless, seems to fit ill with surroundings which carry us back to the days of the Tudors.

The Old Pilgrim, in accordance with its rarely violated rule, does not touch Charing village itself, but cuts the line of the Canterbury road at a point half way up the steep hill at the foot of which Charing

nestles. This Canterbury road goes in a tolerably straight direction by Moldash and Chilham, but as it runs for a great part through a forest, apparently almost impenetrable even in these days, the reason is apparent why the offering-laden pilgrims of old days should have preferred a more circuitous road through more open country. So, instead of proceeding in a north-easterly direction, the Old Pilgrim strikes south-east, only to turn north later on. But our efforts to trace it are futile, and, after a careful boiling down of the opinions of our landlord and of several "oldest inhabitants," we can only learn that it traverses Eastwell Park, passes through Wye, and enters Canterbury by the old Roman Stane Street, and that its course has long been obliterated by the steel of the ploughman.

We are, however, in some measure consoled for our want of success in tracing the Old Pilgrim to its goal, by the beauty and interest of the two roads by which we may continue our journey to Canterbury. We may either ascend Charing Hill, and, after enjoying what has been considered the finest panorama in Kent, follow the road through dense woodland to Moldash, Challock, and Chilham, at which latter place an agreeable halt may be made in the quaintest of old villages, and so, by the valley of the Stour, into the cathedral city; or we may follow what must have been the line of the Old Pilgrim, through beautiful Eastwell Park and picturesque old Wye, now better known for its steeple-chases than for the remains of its once famous college and school, and get into Canterbury, appropriately enough, by that straight old Roman way along which the murderers of Thomas à Becket galloped on their foul errand from the Castle of Saltwood.

H. F. ABELL.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF COLLABORATION.

IT may be said that curiosity is the only useful vice, since without it there would be neither discovery nor invention, and curiosity it is which lends interest to many a book written in collaboration, the reader being less concerned about the merits of the work than he is with guessing at the respective shares of the associated authors. To many of us a novel by two writers is merely a puzzle, and we seek to

solve the enigma of its double authorship, accepting it as a nut to crack even when the kernel is little likely to be more digestible than the shell. Before a play of Beaumont and Fletcher or a novel of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian not a few find themselves asking a double question. First, "what was the part of each partner in the writing of the book?" And, second, "how is it possible for two men to be concerned in the making of one work?"

The answer to the first question can hardly ever be given; even the collaborators themselves are at a loss to specify their own contributions. When two men have worked together honestly and heartily in the inventing, the developing, the constructing, the writing, and the revising of a book or a play, it is often impossible for either partner to pick out his own share; certain things he may recognize as his own, and certain other things he may credit frankly to his ally; but the rest was the result of the collaboration itself, contributed by both parties together and not by either separately. To explain this more in detail calls for an answer to the second question, and requires a careful consideration of the principle of collaboration, and a tentative explanation of the manner in which two men may write one book.

I confine myself to a discussion of literary partnerships, because in literature collaboration is more complete, more intimate than it is in the other arts. When an architect aids a sculptor, when Mr. Stamford White, for instance, plans the mounting of the "Lincoln" or the "Faragut" of Mr. Saint Gaudens, the respective shares of each artist may be determined with precision. So it is also when we find Rubens painting the figures in a landscape of Snyders. Nor are we under any doubt as to the contribution of each collaborator when we hear an operetta by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; we know that one wrote the words and the other the music, and the division of labor does not seem unnatural, although it is not necessary; Wagner, for example, composed the score to his own book. But no one is puzzled by the White-Saint-Gaudens combination, the Rubens-Snyders, or the Gilbert and Sullivan, as most of us are, for example, by the alliance of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins in the writing of "No Thoroughfare."

If the doubt is great before a novelette composed by two authors of individualities as distinct as those of Dickens and of Collins, how much greater may it be be-

fore books written by more than two partners. Not long ago, four clever American story-tellers co-operated in writing a satirical tale, "The King's Men;" and years before four brilliant French writers, Mme. de Girardin, Gautier, Sandeau, and Méry, had set them the example by composing that epistolary romance "La Croix de Berny." There is an English story in six chapters by six authors, among whom were the younger Hood, the late T. W. Robertson, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert; and there is an American story happily entitled, "Six of One, by Half-a-dozen of the Other"—Mrs. Stowe being among the half-dozen.

Six authors for a single story, or even four, may seem to some a woeful waste of effort, and so, no doubt, it is; but I have found recorded cases of more extravagant prodigality. In France, an association of three or four in the authorship of a farce is not at all uncommon; and it is there that collaboration has been carried to its most absurd extreme. M. Jules Goizet, in his curious "Histoire Anecdote de la Collaboration au Théâtre" (Paris, 1867), mentions a one-act play which was performed in Paris in 1811, and which was the work of twenty-four dramatists; and he records the production in 1834, and also in Paris, of another one-act play, which was prepared for a benefit of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and which had no fewer than thirty-six authors. This suggests an intellectual poverty as barren as that once satirized by Chamfort in Prussia, when, after he had said a good thing, he saw the others talking it over at the end of the table; "See those Germans," he cried, "clubbing together to take a joke."

For the most part these combination ventures are mere curiosities of literature. Nothing of real value is likely to be manufactured by a joint stock company of unlimited authorship. The literary partnerships whose paper sells on 'Change at par have but two members. It is this association of two, and of two only, to which we refer generally when we speak of collaboration. In fact, literary collaboration might be defined, fairly enough, as "the union of two writers for the production of one book." This is, of a truth, the only collaboration worthy of serious criticism, the only one really pregnant and vital.

Like any other partnership, a collaboration is unsatisfactory and unsuccessful unless it is founded on mutual esteem. The partners must have sympathy for each

other, and respect. Each must be tolerant of the other's opinions. Each must be ready to yield a point when need be. In all associations there must be concessions from one to the other. These are the negative qualities of a good collaborator; and chief among the positive necessities is the willingness of each to do his full share of the work. A French wit has declared that the happiest marriages are those in which one is loved and the other lets himself (or herself) be loved. Collaboration is a sort of marriage, but the witticism does not here hold true, although Mr. Andrew Lang recently declared that in most collaborations one man did all the work while the other man looked on. No doubt this happens now and again, but a partnership of this kind is not likely to last long. Mr. Lang has also quoted from the "Souvenirs Dramatiques" of the elder Dumas an opinion of that most delightful of romancers, to the effect that when two men are at work together, "one is always the dupe, and *he* is the man of talent."

It is pleasant to be able to controvert the testimony of the great Dumas by the exhibits in his own case. Of all the mighty mass of Dumas's work, what survives now, a score of years after his death, and what bids fair to survive at least three score and ten years longer, are two or three cycles of brilliant and exciting narratives: "Monte Cristo," the "Three Musketeers," with its sequels, the stories of which Chicot is the hero; and of these every one was written in collaboration with M. Auguste Maquet.

Scribe is perhaps the only contemporary author who rivalled Dumas in fecundity and in popularity; and Scribe's evidence contradicts Dumas's, although both were persistent collaborators. Of all the hundred of Scribe's plays, scarce half-a-dozen were written by him unaided. When he collected his writings into a uniform edition, he dedicated this to his many collaborators; and he declared that while the few works he had composed alone were hard labor, those which he had done in partnership were a pleasure. And we know from M. Legouvé, one of Scribe's associates, that Scribe generally preferred to do all the mere writing himself. The late Eugène Labiche, almost as prolific a playwright as Scribe and quite as popular, did nothing except with a partner; and he, so we are told by M. Augier, who once composed a comedy with him, also liked to do all the actual writing.

In a genuine collaboration, when the

joint work is a true chemical union and not a mere mechanical mixture, it matters little who holds the pen. The main advantage of a literary partnership is in the thorough discussion of the central idea and of its presentation in every possible aspect. Art and genius, so Voltaire asserted, consist in finding all that is in one's subject, and in not seeking outside of it. When a situation has been talked over thoroughly and traced out to its logical conclusion, and when a character has been considered from every angle and developed to its inevitable end, nine-tenths of the task is accomplished. The putting down on paper of the situation and the character is but the clothing of a babe already alive and kicking.

Perhaps the unity of impression which we get from some books written in partnership is due to the fact that the writing was always the work of the same partner. Scribe, for example, was not an author of salient individuality, but the plays which bear his name are unmistakably his handiwork. Labiche also, like Scribe, was ready to collaborate with anybody and everybody; but his trade-mark is woven into the texture of every play that bears his name. It is understood that the tales of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian are written out by M. Erckmann and revised by M. Chatrian. I have heard, on what authority I cannot say, that of the long series of stories bearing the name of Besant and Rice, all that the late James Rice actually wrote with his own pen was the first chapter or two of their first book, "Ready Money Mortiboy." This assertion, whether well founded or not, gains color of truth from the striking similarity of style, not to call it identity, of the Besant and Rice novels with the novels of the surviving member of the partnership. Yet, if one may judge by the preface he has prefixed to the library edition of "Ready Money Mortiboy," Mr. Besant would be the last one to deny that Mr. Rice was a full partner in the firm, bearing an equal share in the burden and heat of the day. Comparing the novels of dual authorship with those of the survivor alone, it is perhaps possible to ascribe to Mr. Rice a fancy for foreign characters and a faculty of rendering them vigorously, a curious scent for actual oddity, a bolder handling than Mr. Besant's, and a stronger fondness for dramatic incident, not to say melodramatic. The joint novels have a certain kinship to the virile tales of Charles Reade; but little trace of this family likeness is to be found in the later

works of Mr. Besant alone, whose manner is gentler and more caressing, with a more delicate humor and a subtler flavor of irony.

But any endeavor to sift out the contribution of one collaborator from that of his fellow is futile — if the union has been a true marriage. It leads to the splitting of hairs and to the building of more than one hypothesis on the point of a single needle — surely as idle a task as any ever attempted by a Shakespearean commentator. I doubt, indeed, if this effort "to go behind the returns" — to use an Americanism as expressive as an Americanism ought to be — is even permissible, except possibly after the partnership is dissolved.

Under the most favorable circumstances the inquiry is little likely to be profitable. Who shall declare whether the father or the mother is the real parent of a child?

It is interesting, no doubt, and often instructive to note the influence of two authors on each other; to consider the effect of the combination of their diverse talents and temperaments; to discover how the genius of one conflicts with that of the other or complements it; to observe how at one point the strength of A reinforces the weakness of B, and how at another point the finer taste of B adroitly curbs the more exuberant energy of A; and to remark how the conjunction of two men of like minds and of equally ardent convictions sometimes will result in a work harsher and more strenuous than either would produce alone.

For curious investigation of this sort there is no lack of material, since collaboration has been attractive to not a few of the foremost figures in the history of literature. The list includes not only Beaumont and Fletcher among the mighty Elizabethans, but Shakespeare and almost every one of his fellow dramatists — not only Corneille, Molière and Racine, but almost every other notable name in the history of the French theatre. Cervantes and Calderon and Lope de Vega took partners in Spain; and in Germany Schiller and Goethe worked together. In Great Britain Addison and Steele united in "The Spectator," and in the United States Irving and Paulding combined in "Salmagundi," as did Drake and Halleck in the "Croakers."

The list might be extended almost indefinitely, but it is long enough to allow of one observation — an observation sufficiently obvious. It is that no great poem has ever been written by two men together, nor any really great novel. Col-

laboration has served the cause of periodical literature. But it has been most frequent and most fertile among dramatists. We ask why this is — and the answer is ready. It is because a play calls primarily for forethought, ingenuity, construction, and compression, in the attaining of which two heads are indubitably better than one. And here we are nigh to laying hold on the root of the matter. Here we have ready to hand what may help towards a definition of the possibilities and of the limitations of literary partnership.

Collaboration fails to satisfy when there is need of profound meditation, of solemn self-interrogation, or of lofty imagination lifting itself freely towards the twin-peaks of Parnassus. Where there may be a joy in the power of unexpected expansion, and where there may be a charm of veiled beauty, vague and fleeting, visible at a glimpse only and intangible always, two men would be each in the other's way. In the effort to fix these fugitive graces they would but trip over each other's heels. A task of this delicacy belongs of right to the lonely student in the silent watches of the night, or in solitary walks under the greenwood tree and far from the madding crowd.

Collaboration succeeds most abundantly where clearness is needed, where precision, skill, and logic are looked for, where we expect simplicity of motive, sharpness of outline, ingenuity of construction, and cleverness of effect. Collaboration may be a potent coadjutor wherever technic is a pleasure for its own sake; and the sense of art is dull in a time or in a place which does not delight in sound workmanship and in the adroit devices of a loving craftsman. Perhaps, indeed, collaboration may tend — or, at least, it may be tempted now and again — to sacrifice matter to manner. Those enamored of technic may consider rather the excellence of the form than the value of the fact upon which their art is to be exercised. Yet it may be doubted whether there is any real danger to literature in a craving for the utmost technical skill.

In much of Byron's work Matthew Arnold found "neither deliberate scientific construction, nor yet the instinctive artistic creation of poetic wholes." Accidental excellence, an intuitive attaining of the ideal, the instinctive artistic creation of poetic wholes, is not to be expected from a partnership — indeed, is hardly possible to it. But a partnership is likely to attempt deliberate scientific construction

owing to the mutual criticism of the joint authors; and by collaboration the principles of scientific construction are conveyed from one to another to the advancement of the art itself and to the unmistakable improvement of the mere journeyman work of the average man of letters. For example, many even of the best English novels seem formless when compared with the masterly structure of any good French story; and perhaps the habit of collaboration which obtains in France is partly to be praised for this.

All things have the defect of their qualities as well as the quality of their defects. Collaboration may be considered as a labor-saving device; and, like other labor-saving devices, it sometimes results in a loss of individuality. One is inclined to suspect a lack of spontaneity in the works which two authors have written together, and in which we are likely to find polish, finish, and perfection of mechanism. To call the result of collaboration often over-labored, or to condemn it as cut-and-dried, would be to express with unduly brutal frankness the criticism it is best merely to suggest. By the very fact of a partnership with its talking over, its searching discussion, its untiring pursuit of the idea into the most remote fastnesses, there may be an over-sharpness of outline, a deprivation of that vagueness of contour not seldom strangely fascinating.

No doubt in the work of two men there is a loss of the unexpected, and the story must of necessity move straight forward by the shortest road, not lingering by the wayside in hope of windfalls. There is less chance of unforeseen developments suggesting themselves as the pen speeds on its way across the paper—and every writer knows how the pen often runs away with him “across country” and over many a five-barred gate which he had never intended to take; but as there is less chance of the unforeseen, so is there also less chance that the unforeseen will be worth having. Above all is there far less likelihood of the writer’s suddenly finding himself up a blind-alley with a sign of No Thoroughfare staring him in the face. It has been objected that in books prepared in partnership even the writing is hard and arid, as though each writer were working on a foreign suggestion and lacking the freedom with which a man may treat his own invention. If a writer feels thus, the partnership is unprofitable and unnatural, and he had best get a divorce as soon as may be. In a genuine collaboration each of the parties thereto ought to

have so far contributed to the story that he can consider every incident to be his, and his the whole work when it is completed.

As it happens there is one department of literature in which the defect of collaboration almost becomes a quality. For a drama deliberate scientific construction is absolutely essential. In play-making an author must know the last word before he sets down the first. From the rigid limitations of time and space there is no room on the stage for unexpected development. Voltaire tells us that there were misers before the invention of money; and no doubt there were literary partnerships before the first playhouse was built. But the value of collaboration to the playwright has been instinctively recognized whenever and wherever the theatre has flourished most abundantly; and as soon as the dramas of a country are of domestic manufacture, and cease to be mainly imported from abroad, the playmakers take to collaboration intuitively.

In Spain, when Lope de Vega and Calderon and Cervantes were writing for the stage, they had partners and pupils. In England there was scarce one of all the marvellous company of the Elizabethan dramatists who did not join hands in the making of plays. Fletcher, for example, wrote with Massinger even while Beaumont was alive. Chapman had for associates Marston, and Shirley, and Ben Jonson. Dekker worked in partnership with Ford, Webster, Massinger, and Middleton; while Middleton combined with Dekker, Fletcher, Rowley, and Ben Jonson.

In France, a country where the true principles of the play-maker’s art are most thoroughly understood, Rotrou and Corneille worked together with three others on five-act tragedies barely outlined by Cardinal Richelieu. Corneille and Quinault aided Molière in the writing of “*Psyché*.” Boileau and La Fontaine and other friends helped Racine to complete the “*Plaideurs*.” In the present century, when the supremacy of the French drama is again indisputable, many of the best plays are due to collaboration. Scribe and M. Legouvé wrote together “*Adrienne Lecouvreur*” and the “*Bataille des Dames*.” MM. Meilhac and Halévy were joint authors of “*Frou-frou*” (that poignant picture of the disadvantages of self-sacrifice) and of the “*Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*” (that bold and brilliant satire of imperial misrule). Emile Augier, to my mind the most wholesome and the

most manly dramatist of our day, joined Jules Sandeau in composing the "Gendre de M. Poirier," the strongest comedy of the century.

Scribe and Augier and Sandeau, M. Legouvé, M. Meilhac and M. Halévy, are all men of fine talents and of varied accomplishments in letters; they are individually the authors of many another drama; but no one of these other pieces attains the stature of the co-operative plays or even approaches the standard thus set. Nothing else of Scribe's is as human and as pathetic as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and nothing else of M. Legouvé's is as skilful. Since the dissolution of the partnership of MM. Meilhac and Halévy they have each written alone; M. Halévy's "Abbé Constantin" is a charming idyll, and M. Meilhac's "Décoré" is delicately humorous; but where is the underlying strength which sustains "Frou-frou"? where is the exuberant comic force of "Tricoche et Cacolet"? where is the disintegrating irony of the "Belle Hélène"? Here collaboration has proved itself. Here union has produced work finer and higher than was apparently possible to either author alone. More often than not collaboration seems accidental, and its results are not the works by which we rank either of its writers. We do not think of Charles Dickens chiefly as the author of "No Thoroughfare," nor is "No Thoroughfare" the book by which we judge Wilkie Collins. But "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is the finest play on the list of either Scribe's works or of M. Legouvé's, and "Frou-frou" is the one comedy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy likely to survive.

France is the country with the most vigorous dramatic literature, and France is the country where collaboration is the most frequent. The two facts are to be set down together without a forced suggestion that either is a consequence of the other. But it is to be noted again that in any country where there is a revival of the drama collaboration is likely to become common at once. In Germany just now, for example, there is a promising school of comedy writers — and they are combining one with another. In Great Britain and in the United States there are signs of dramatic growth; and very obviously there has been an enormous improvement in the past few years. A comparison of the original plays written in our language twenty-five years ago with those now so written is most encouraging. It may seem a little like that circular argument — which is as dangerous as a circular

saw — but it seems to me that one of the causes of immediate hopefulness for the drama in our language is the prevalence of collaboration in England and in America — for by such partnerships the principles of play-making are spread abroad. "We learn of our contemporaries," said Emerson, "what they know, without effort, and almost through the pores of the skin." Now, a collaborator must needs be the closest of contemporaries.

With Charles Reade, Tom Taylor composed "Masks and Faces," an artificial comedy of undeniable effect; and with Mr. A. W. Dubourg he wrote "New Men and Old Acres," a comedy also artificial, but more closely akin to modern life. With Palgrave Simpson, Mr. Herman Merivale prepared a moving romantic drama, "All for Her," and with Mr. F. C. Grove he wrote a brilliant comedy, "Forget-Me-Not." To collaboration again is due the "Silver King," the best of recent English dramas. And collaboration, alas! is also to be credited with the most of the latest machine-made British melodramas, plays which may bear the signatures of any two of half-a-dozen contemporary playwrights — which reveal a most extraordinary likeness, one to the other, as though they had each been cut from the same roll of goods in lengths to suit the purchaser — and in which the pattern is always a variation of a single theme, the revengeful pursuit of an exemplary good man by an indefatigable bad man.

In America there is also an evident tendency toward co-operation, as there has been a distinct improvement in the technic of play-writing. Mr. Bronson Howard has told us that he had a silent partner in revising his "Banker's Daughter," known in England as the "Old Love and the New." To the novice in the theatre the aid of the expert is invaluable. When Mrs. Hodgson Burnett desired to make a play out of her little tale of "Esmeralda," she consulted counsel learned in the law of dramatic construction, Mr. William Gillette, by whose aid the comedy of "Young Folk's Ways" was written. If the poetic drama has any future on our stage, it must owe this in a measure to collaboration, for the technic of the theatre is nowadays very elaborate, and few bards are likely to master it satisfactorily. But if the poet will frankly join hands with the practical playwright, there is a hopeful possibility of success. Had Browning taken advice before he finally fixed on his action, and while the form was yet fluid, "A Blot on the Scutcheon" might have

been made a great acting play. It is while a drama is still malleable that the aid of the expert is invaluable.

The assistance which Dumas received from his frequent associates was not of this kind; it was not the co-operation of an expert partner but rather that of a useful apprentice. The chief of these collaborators was the late Auguste Maquet, with whom Dumas would block out the plot, and to whom he would entrust all the tedious detail of investigation and verification. Edmond About once caught Dumas red-handed in the very act of collaboration, and from his account it appears that Maquet had set down in black and white the outline of the story as they had developed it together, incorporating, doubtless, his own suggestions and the result of his historic research. This outline was contained on little squares of paper, and each of these little squares Dumas was amplifying into a large sheet of manuscript in his own fine handwriting.

Thackeray answered the accusation that Dumas did not write all his own works by saying, "Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases?" Then—it is in one of the most delightful passages of the always delightful "Roundabout Papers"—he declares that he himself would like a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk, to whom he might say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in encyclopædia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales's "London," letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Color in with local coloring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs." "Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol. London, MDCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner the archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right, and Jones has gone home to his family some hours." This was Thackeray's whimsical suggestion; but if he had ventured to adopt it himself, I fear we should have been able to distinguish the 'prentice hand from the fine round sweep of the master.

This paper is, perhaps, rather a consid-

eration of the principle of collaboration than an explanation of its methods. To point out the departments of literature in which collaboration may be of advantage and to indicate its more apparent limitations have been my objects, and I have postponed as long as I could any attempt to explain "how it is done." Such an explanation is at best but a doubtful possibility.

Perhaps the first requisite is a sympathy between the two partners not sufficient to make them survey life from the same point of view, but yet enough to make them respect each other's suggestions and be prepared to accept them. There is needed in both openness of mind as well as alertness, an ability to take as well as to give, a willingness to put yourself in his place and to look at the world from his standpoint. Probably it is best that the two authors shall not be too much alike in temperament. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, for example, although not twins, thought alike on most subjects; and so close was their identity of cerebration that, when they were sitting at the same table at work on the same book, they sometimes wrote almost the same sentence at the same moment. This is collaboration carried to an abnormal and unwholesome extreme; and there is much that is morbid and much that is forced in the books the Goncourts composed together.

Collaboration may once more be likened to matrimony, and we may consider MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and Messrs. Besant and Rice as monogamists, while Scribe and Labiche, who were ready to collaborate at large, are polygamists. In marriage husband and wife are one, and that is not a happy union when either inquires as to which one it is; the unity should be so complete that the will of each is merged in that of the other. So it should be in a literary partnership. Respect for each other, mutual esteem, is, perhaps, the first requisite for collaboration as for matrimony; and good temper is assuredly the second.

In discussing the practice of collaboration with that past master of the art, Mr. Walter Besant, he declared to me that it was absolutely essential that one of the two partners should be the head of the firm. He did not tell me who was the head of the firm of Besant and Rice, and I have no direct testimony to offer in support of my belief that the dominant member was Mr. Besant himself; but there is a plenty of circumstantial evidence to that effect, and, as Thoreau says, "some cir-

cumstantial evidence is very strong—as when you find a trout in the milk.”

What Mr. Besant meant, I take it, was that there must be a unity of impulse so that the resulting product shall seem the outcome of a single controlling mind. This may be attained by the domination of one partner, no doubt, as when Dumas availed himself of the aid of Maquet; but it can be the result also of an harmonious equality, as when M. Meilhac and M. Halévy were writing together. In collaboration as in matrimony, again, it is well when the influence of the masculine element does not wholly overpower the feminine.

As there are households where husband and wife fight like cat and dog, and where marriage ends in divorce, so there are literary partnerships which are dissolved in acrimony and anger. M. Alexandre Dumas *filz* has lent his strength to the authors of the “Supplice d’une Femme,” “Héloïse Parquet,” and the “Danichefs,” and there followed bad feelings and high words. Warned by this bitter experience, M. Dumas is said to have answered a request to collaborate with the query, “Why should I wish to quarrel with you?” But M. Dumas is a bad collaborator, I fancy, despite his skill and his strength. He is like the powerful ally a weak country sometimes calls in to its own undoing. Yet in his case the usual cause of disagreement between collaborators is lacking, for the plays he has recast and stamped with his own image and superscription have succeeded. Now in general it is when the work fails that the collaborators fall out. Racine made an epigram against the two now forgotten authors of a now forgotten tragedy, that each claimed it before it was produced, and both renounced it after it had been acted. The quarrels of collaborators, like the quarrels of any author, or, for that matter, like any quarrels at all, to which the public are admitted are the height of folly. The world looks on at the fight, and listens while the two former friends call each other hard names; and more often than not it believes what each says of the other, and not what he says of himself.

If I may be allowed to offer myself as a witness, I shall testify to the advantage of a literary partnership, which halves the labor of the task and doubles the pleasure. It may be that I have been exceptionally skilful in choosing my allies or exceptionally fortunate in them, but I can declare unhesitatingly that I have never had a hard word with a collaborator while

our work was in hand, and never a bitter word with him afterward. My collaborators have always been my friends before and they have always remained my friends after. Sometimes our literary partnership was the unpremeditated outcome of a friendly chat, in the course of which we chanced upon a subject, and in sport developed it until unexpectedly it seemed promising enough to be worthy of artistic consideration. Such a subject belonged to both of us, and had best be treated by both together. There was no dispute as to our respective shares in the result of our joint labors, because we could not ourselves even guess what each had done when both had been at work together. As Augier said in the preface to the “Lionnes Pauvres,” which he wrote with M. Edouard Fournier, we must copy “the married people who say one to the other, ‘your son.’”

I have collaborated in writing stories, in making plays, and in editing books. Sometimes I may have thought that I did more than my share, sometimes I knew that I did less than I should, but always there was harmony, and never did either of us seek to assert a mastery. However done, and by whichever of the two, the subject was always thoroughly discussed between us; it was turned over and over and upside down and inside out; it was considered from all possible points of view and in every stage of development. When a final choice was made of what seemed to us best, the mere putting on paper was wholly secondary. I have written a play of which I prepared the dialogue of one act and my associate prepared that of the next; I have written a play in which I wrote the scenes in which certain characters appeared and my ally wrote those in which certain other characters appeared; I have written a short story in two chapters of which one was in my autograph and the other in my partner’s; but none the less was he the half-author of the portions I set on paper, and none the less was I the half-author of the portions he set on paper.

Probably, the most profitable method is that of alternate development—certainly it is for a drama. After the subject begins to take form, A makes out a tentative sequence of scenes; and this, after several talks, B fills up into an outline of the story. Slowly, and after careful consultation, A elaborates this into a detailed scenario in which every character is set forth, every entrance and every exit, with the reasons for them, every scene and

every effect—in fact, everything except the words to be spoken. Then B takes this scenario, and from it he writes a first rough draft of the play itself, complete in dialogue and in “business.” This rough draft A revises, and re-writes where need be. Then it goes to the copyist; and when the clean, type-written manuscript returns both A and B go over it again and again, pointing and polishing, until each is satisfied with their labor in common. Perhaps the drama is the only form of literature in which so painstaking a process would be advantageous, or in which it would be advisable even; but of a play the structure can hardly be too careful or too precise, nor can the dialogue be too compact or too polished.

“I am no pickpurse of another’s wit,” as Sir Philip Sydney boasts, but I cannot forego the malign pleasure of quoting, in conclusion, Mr. Andrew Lang’s insidious suggestion to “young men entering on the life of letters.” He advises them “to find an ingenious, and industrious, and successful partner; stick to him, never quarrel with him, and do not survive him.”

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

From Macmillan’s Magazine.

GEORGE WITHER.

JOHN BRIGHT is reported to have said to a friend, “If you come across a quotation in any speech of mine that you don’t recognize, it is probably Wither.” It is possible that to some of his friends the name might have been as unfamiliar as the quotations; they may even have taken it as a misprint for Whittier. Yet George Wither was a person of no inconsiderable note in his day, and among the voluminous writings which he has left behind him are several passages of rare grace and beauty. His career as an author commenced in 1613, the year which witnessed the production of the last of Shakespeare’s dramatic creations, and it only terminated with his death in 1667, the year following the great fire of London. He may be said to have outlived his own fame. Pope refers to him in “The Dunciad” as “wretched Wither,” sleeping “among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn;” but he was in Pope’s time only remembered as a renegade Cavalier who, like all renegades, was extremely bitter against his old party. Ritson, the crusty collector of old ballads, called him the English Bavius, and the more genial

Bishop Percy merely says that “he distinguished himself in youth by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant.” Subsequent critics, however, have adopted a much higher estimate of Wither’s poetical work. Ellis, in his “Specimens of Early English Poets,” and Sir Egerton Brydges in his “Censura Literaria,” both quoted Wither extensively, and spoke enthusiastically of the sweetness and melody of his verse; while Charles Lamb, beyond question the most competent of all judges of our older literature, has devoted to his earlier poems an essay full of fine and felicitous praise.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. His family was apparently of some position and wealth, for he records how in his youthful days hounds, hawks, and horses were at his command, and intimates that he might have required “without denial,”—

The lute, the organ, or deep-sounding viol,
or indeed anything else he had a mind to, to cheer his spirits. In his sixteenth year he was sent up to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for some time he found more delight in “practice at the tennis-ball” than in practice at “old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman.” Hardly, however, had he turned over a new leaf, and begun to love a learned college life, when he was removed from Oxford and taken home, much to his disgust, “to hold the plough.” Though not altogether congenial to him, a farming life was far from unendurable, but a proposal to apprentice him to “some mechanick trade” was not to be thought of with equanimity, and the youth, then eighteen years of age, hurried off to London. Here he entered himself at Lincoln’s Inn, and was fortunate enough to strike up a close friendship with William Browne, who was then meditating his “Britannia’s Pastorals,” the influence of which powerfully affected all the earlier work of his friend. Wither’s plans were not very definite, but he had a vague notion that he could push his fortune at court. Naturally therefore he dropped into the laureate vein, and we find him, in company with numerous other bardlings, bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry with a sheaf of elegies, and the next year composing *epithalamia* to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth. There was apparently not enough of the sycophant in Wither’s composition to ensure him a rapid rise in court favor, and failing to obtain any preferment, he turned satirical and in 1613 produced his “Abuses

Stript and Whipt," the dedication to which says that, having been provided with no work, he has employed his leisure in observing the vices of the times. Warton says the satires are severe but not witty. They certainly contain none of those pungent personalities such as Dryden and Pope loved to make their adversaries' ears tingle with. Hate, envy, revenge, covetousness, vanity, and the rest of them, receive some hard knocks, but it is always abstract vice that he scourges, never particular men in whom such vices are presumed to be personified. Perhaps, however, it was more evident at the time than it is now what people in high places the cap fitted. At all events the satires sufficed to obtain for their author a lodging in the Marshalsea prison. Curiously enough, he appears to have thought that as satire got him in, satire might get him out. Accordingly in 1614 he composed another, written with much vigor, and addressed to the king, in which he shows himself altogether unrepentant for his former offence.

Perhaps it was thought wise to muzzle such an outspoken muse, or some other influence may have been at work; at any rate Wither was soon liberated, and moreover presented by the king with a patent for some "Hymns and Songs of the Church" which he proposed to write. But he had chosen the wrong road to fortune. The man who wrote the following lines had evidently mistaken his vocation when he proposed to rise in life by the arts of the courtier, though, as we have seen, he had at least tried his hand at the doleful elegies he now scorns, and apparently to no purpose.

I have no Muses that will serve the turn
At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn
Upon a minute's warning for their hire,
If with old sherry they themselves inspire.
I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugarplums and wine.

I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.

I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronize
That muddy poetry.

So he will find out a more excellent way
to success. During his imprisonment in

the Marshalsea, he had composed "The Shepherd's Hunting." This is a pastoral poem in five eclogues. In the first eclogue, Willie (William Browne) comes to lament his friend's imprisonment, and finds that he may save his labor, for Philarete (Wither) has discovered that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and professes to have enjoyed more true bliss and content in the quiet prison than ever he knew in the contentious court. In the second and third eclogues Philarete relates, under the thin disguise of a shepherd's hunting, the whole story of his imprisonment and the cause of it. It is in the fourth eclogue that Wither first uses, and at once with consummate mastery, that seven-syllabled trochaic metre which so delighted Charles Lamb. Philarete advises his friend to produce more pastorals. Willie dejectedly replies that what he has done has not been very well received; that he has been told he is too young, and should "keep his skill in store till he has seen some winters more." Whereupon Philarete declares, —

That the sacred Muses can
Make a child in years a man.

And then follows "that rapturous melody of praise and thanksgiving to poetry, which," says Mr. Swinburne, "has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immortal in the loving memory of all who know and cherish that 'best earthly bliss' which filled his prison-house with 'comfort and delight.'" This splendid panegyric, which extends to a hundred and twenty lines, has been more frequently quoted than anything else that Wither wrote, but it is not by any means so generally known that any apology need be offered for transcribing one of its finest passages again. She, he says of his muse, —

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring
Or the least bough's rusteling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me

Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

"The praises of poetry," says Charles Lamb, "have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but, before Wither, no one ever celebrated its power *at home*, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from their art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion; and that the muse had promise of both lives, of this and of that which was to come."

Wither's "darling measure," in which the fourth eclogue of "The Shepherd's Hunting," and the greater part of "The Mistress of Philarete" is written, has been sometimes spoken of by critics as octosyllabic verse, which plainly it is not. It is the seven-syllabled trochaic couplet, which Shakespeare lightly laughed at as the "butter-woman's rank to market," and which, as used at a later date by Ambrose Philips, roused Henry Carey (he "who lived a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October the 4th, 1743") to parody it and add a new adjective to our English vocabulary in calling it namby-pamby. Wither himself seems to anticipate some cavilling about it, for he says:—

If the verse here used be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' vaines.

Doubtless it is a form of verse that readily runs into doggerel, and the fatal facility of its flow tends to the production of a maximum of jingling sound with a minimum of sense. But in the hands of masters like Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Wither, and Milton it has proved itself an instrument of considerable compass, and they have drawn from it not only strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out," but notes of deeper harmony and power. In a note to the essay already quoted, Lamb cites the following lines from "The Shepherd's Hunting":—

If thy birth doth bravely tower,
As she makes *twing* she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,

and, remarking that "a long line is a line we are long repeating," he asks what Alexandrine could express "labor slowly but strongly surmounting difficulty" as it is done in the second of these lines? Again, he says, in more sweeping terms, "What metre could go beyond these, from 'Philarete'?"

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart,
Thoughts too deep to be express'd
And too strong to be suppress'd.

In 1618 appeared "The Motto," written, he says, by way of recreation after his liberation from the Marshalsea. It is a long poem (some two thousand lines) in the heroic couplet, and is divided into three sections corresponding to the three divisions of the motto, *Nec habeo, Nec curo, Nec careo*. It is in form a continuous self-eulogy, yet, as has been more than once remarked, it is singularly free from any offensive or distasteful egotism. The reason of this is supplied by Wither himself in his preface to "The Motto." "My intent was," he says, "to draw the true picture of mine own heart; that my friends who knew me outwardly might have some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the form of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm mine own resolution; and to prevent such alterations as time and infirmities may work upon me." That is to say, he had no intention of holding up a likeness of himself for all men to admire and imitate, but of painting the picture of a man such as he *fein* would have himself to be. And, being endowed with a pure and healthy mind, his ideal is a high and noble one. Regarding "The Motto" as a work of art, we may, in spite of an occasional fine passage, adopt his own words. "The language," he says, "is but indifferent; for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all; for I was loathe to make a business of a recreation."

In 1619 appeared "Fidelia," an elegiac episode of forty-four pages from a forsaken fair one to her inconstant lover. The lady, without any feigning, pours out her own love with all the ardor of an Eloisa and something of the plain-spokenness of a Juliet. There are some fine touches in the poem, but, though Wither seems to have been a master in the art of love, we

have a shrewd suspicion that there is too strong a tincture of the masculine element in Fidelia's philtre.

"Fair Virtue," though written some time before, did not see the light until 1622, and even then was published anonymously, because Wither had some, though perfectly groundless, fears that it would damage the credit of more serious work which he then had in hand. It was entitled "Fair Virtue: or, The Mistress of Philarete, written by Himself;" and in a preface the publisher says that he has entreated the author to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages, and to set down to what good purposes the poem would serve. All he could get from him was, however, that the first would take away the employment of his interpreters, and the second would be well enough found out by all such as had honest understandings. The reader is designedly left in doubt whether the poet is merely celebrating the charms of his own mistress, or laying his votive offering at the shrine of Virtue herself. The introductory epistle favors the latter view.

On this glass of thy perfection,
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby,
And if aught amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This thy picture therefore show I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy.
For the more make love to thee
I the more shall pleasèd be.

I am no Italian lover
That would mew thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover
English-like, without a veil.
If thou mayst be won away,
Win and wear thee, he that may.

In another passage, however, he distinctly states that he is painting no imaginary portrait, but that a real love for a real lady is the font and inspiration of his song.

For if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream and bread and cheese.

It is also probable that he would have remained in the embarrassing condition in which he found himself when, as he con-

fesses, he simultaneously courted Amarvillis, Phyllis, Daphne, and Cloris,

And in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either,
'Cause to be of one possesst
Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

But now the face of the whole round world is changed, and he is as constant as the needle to the pole. He proceeds to sing the praises of his mistress in his own rude way, as he modestly says, but really with many a delicate touch of dainty art, as in the following lines:—

When her ivory teeth she buries
'Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appear such pleasures hidden
As might tempt what we're forbidden.
If you look again, the whites
She doth part those lips in smiles,
'Tis as when a flash of light
Breaks from heaven to glad the night.

Charles Lamb, with unerring taste, has pointed out two passages of "The Mistress of Philarete" as being of pre-eminent merit. They are indeed the fairest flowers in this lover's coronal. The first passage is that wherein he wonders that all men, even her servants, are not pleading love, and then explains, according to love's philosophy, why they are not. It is too long to be transcribed in this place, and the reader must be referred to Lamb's essay, or to a copy of Wither's poems if haply he may find one.

The second passage is that in which he vindicates himself against the common charge of hyperbole by boldly denying the possibility of hyperbole, and justifying his "setting forth her glories by unheard-of allegories." The whole passage is fine, and the following six lines are among the loveliest of their kind in our literature.

Stars indeed fair creatures be;
Yet amongst us where is he
Joys not more the whilst he lies
Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
Than in all the glimmering light
Of a starry winter's night?

But he is not content only to celebrate his mistress's beauty of hand, and foot, of lip, and eye, and brow; he must also praise her spiritual perfections, for,—

This that I have here exprest
Is but that which veils the rest.
An incomparable shrine
Of a beauty more divine.

And moreover:—

These are beauties that shall last
When the crimson blood shall waste,

And the shining hair turn grey,
Or with age be worn away.

It is strange that any man capable of producing poetry of this high order should ever have felt called upon to apologize for it, as Wither did on more than one occasion. In his satire "Of the Passion of Love," after railing in good set terms at the absurdities commonly perpetrated by people in that undesirable condition, he bethinks himself of his own "Philarete."

How now; was't not you (says one) that late
So humbly begg'd a boon at Beauty's gate?

Yes; he must admit it was; and all he can say for himself is that he has had his follies like other men, and doubtless cut quite as absurd a figure as any imaginary lover depicted in the present satire. And again, in a postscript to "The Shepherd's Hunting," he anticipates a similar objection, though in this case he takes his stand boldly on the feelings natural to ardent youth; for he says, "Neither am I so cynical but that I think a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suit with reason will yet very well become my years; in which not to have feeling of the power of love were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over-sottish affection were of extreme folly." This is admirably put, and quite unimpeachable; but there was not the slightest necessity for him to apologize. Allowing for the change in manners since the seventeenth century, Wither's muse is as modest as Mr. Coventry Patmore's.

Nearly all Wither's best work was produced in the decade 1613 to 1623. Between these two dates were published his "Abuses Strip'd and Whipt," "Fidelia," "The Shepherd's Hunting," "The Motto," and "The Mistress of Philarete." With these we take leave of Wither the poet, and in subsequent publications make acquaintance with Wither the preacher, the prophet, the puritan, and the politician. Wither was no exception to the general rule that those who abandon for public life the studies of poetry and philosophy suffer a steady degeneration, partaking like brooks and rivers, as Landor finely says, "the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion." Not that Wither ever became quite the fanatic that he has been represented to have been. Up to the time of the outbreak of the civil war, he was an adherent of the established order both in Church and State. His "Hymns

and Songs of the Church" were approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he says in his "Furor Poeticus":—

The Royal Power I loyally obey'd
And though it did oppress, was so afraid
Of innovating, that a Reformation
Thereof I wish'd, not an extirpation.

He never became a sectary, but described himself, like Milton, as a member of the Church Universal. One sentence from his "Answer to Some Objections" is worth quoting. "True faith," he says, "cannot be evidenced without good works, which being imperfect in the best of men, we have no such certain mark whereby unfeigned disciples may be known, as by their being loving to each other, and charitably affected towards all men; yea, although they are our personal enemies." His own charitableness was considerably tempered by an ineradicable contentiousness. He lived under eleven different forms of government, and he managed to be more or less at loggerheads with them all.

Wither was in London during the devastation caused by the plague of 1625. "When hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations," he remained "to be a remembrance both to this city and the whole nation." In his "Britain's Remembrancer" he describes his experience in walking the deserted streets. The Royal Change and St. Paul's Cathedral, usually crowded promenades, were avoided as places of certain danger; the Strand was as unfrequented as a country road; the inns of court were silent as the grave; smokeless chimneys betokened that numberless houses were uninhabited, and where pleasant women's faces were once to be seen, "the empty casements gap'd wide for air." Two poets, Thomas Lodge and John Fletcher, are said to have perished in this pestilence, but Wither had no belief in contagion, and notwithstanding that he awoke one morning with "round, ruddy spots" (the fatal signs) on his breast and shoulders, he came through the danger unscathed.

In 1639 occurred his first experience of soldiering when he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots. On the outbreak of the war in England, Wither, according to Anthony Wood, sold his estate and raised a troop for the service of the Parliament. In 1643 he was appointed governor of Farnham Castle. He asserted that his superiors neglected to supply him with adequate means of defending the place; his enemies said

that he deserted it. Anyhow, as Campbell remarks, the defence of his conduct which he afterwards published seems to have been far more resolute than his defence of the fortress. Wither's own house and farm were among the first to suffer during the war, for, as early as January, 1642, we find the House of Commons making an order for the immediate payment to him of £328 6s., by way of compensation for the plunder by the king's Cavaliers. But Wither claimed to have lost as much as £2,000, and he obtained an order empowering him to indemnify himself by seizing the goods of those who had plundered him. Among these were Sir John Denham, and Wither promptly seized upon his neighbor's property. Some time after this, as Aubrey tells the story, Wither was taken prisoner, and in great danger of his life; but Sir John Denham prayed the king not to hang him, for that while George Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wither's life was accordingly spared. In 1643 we hear of him in poverty and distress, getting pecuniary aid from his generous friend Mr. Westron and from the Earl of Essex. He appears to have been perpetually petitioning Parliament for the redress of his grievances, and getting orders for his relief which were almost invariably of no benefit to him.

The energy which in happier circumstances might have given us permanent additions to our poetical literature, expended itself in cursory comments on current events, futile vaticinations, and profitless controversies. In 1653 his ever-restless mind produced a curious scheme for parliamentary reform. He declared the means of settlement to be an "Everlasting Parliament." Every city, shire, or borough, on "pain of being deeply fined," was to elect a representative annually, and this was to be done in such a manner that a twelfth part of the members retired, and new members took their places every month. The members were to be paid their wages regularly, and the House was to elect a fresh speaker also every month. Undue influence in elections was to be punished by exile, and bribery in the public offices by death. There was to be a new Parliament House, "with towers adorned and strong walls fenced about," and having gardens and fair walks adjoining thereto. Members were to receive free lodging in twelve mansions to be erected close by the House, there was to be "a constant

table of one meal a day" for all and sundry, and many other things arranged,

So as they might,
Pursue the public service with delight.

And "forasmuch as outward habits draw respect unto men's persons," the members were to be all alike attired in a peculiar robe or upper garment, and from each man's neck was to be suspended a golden tablet whereon was enamelled "the British Isles within the ocean placed." This poetico-political pamphlet may be commended to the attention of certain honorable members now at St. Stephen's.

Wither's own circumstances, however, were growing worse and worse. His enemies caused his name to be struck from the commission of the peace for Hampshire and from the militia, and he had become so poor that when it was proposed to rate him at two horses for the service of the militia, he pitifully protested that he was hardly able to find so much as the bridles. In August, 1661, his books and papers were seized by authority of a warrant from Secretary Nicholas; he was charged with publishing a seditious libel against members of the House of Commons, and in the course of a few days found himself a prisoner in Newgate. He was kept in confinement until July, 1663, when he was released, on giving to the lieutenant of the Tower a bond to be of good behavior. A second time he saw the plague ravage London, and although none of his household succumbed to it, the sickness and subsequent fire played such havoc among his friends that, some being dead, some impoverished, and the remainder scattered, neither he nor they knew where to find each other, and there were few or none to help him in the destitution of his latter days. He died on May 2d, 1667.

Wither's poetry, at least all that was written between 1613 and 1623, before he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, is characterized by fine feeling, delicate fancy, true pathos, and singularly sweet versification. He is at his best in the seven-syllabled trochaic measure of "Philarete" and "The Shepherd's Hunting," but many of his lyrics are only below the best, and have that indescribable charm of the older Elizabethan manner, which he lived long enough to see evaporating into the courtly sprightliness of his later contemporaries. Only one of these keeps its place in the popular anthologies, the "Shall I wasting in despair," to which Mr. Palgrave in his "Golden

Treasury" has prefixed the title of "The Manly Heart." But Wither has the true lyrical note, and the music of more than one song of his "beats time to nothing in the brain" of many a student who knows and loves the treasures that lie buried in worm-eaten volumes on the dustiest shelves of our great libraries.

Wither was not included in Chalmers's collection of the British poets, neither has any complete edition of his works ever been published. In the early years of this century Sir Egerton Brydges edited a somewhat meagre selection from them, and in 1872 the Spencer Society published three handsome volumes entitled "Juvenilia," containing nearly all his best work. But these are neither generally known nor easily accessible, and a popular reprint of some half-dozen of Wither's most notable performances would be a boon for which all true lovers of poetry would be deeply grateful.

JOHN FYVIE.

From The National Review.
VERMIN IN ENGLAND.

DEAD leaves crackling and rustling under foot, yellow fir needles forming a dense carpet, sloping banks exposed to bright sunlight, here and there covered by traceries of grey shadow; yellow chestnut cobs strewn the ground, and disclosing at every step their rich brown fruit, which has been shelled immediately it has fallen, and duly garnered by the squirrel.

Tangles of brown bracken and red-tinted briar form an undergrowth among the oak-trees, whose gnarled and knotted branches are already yielding to the fungus. At intervals, plantations of smooth-stemmed beeches have shed their foliage with approach of winter, so that the ground beneath them is covered with every pattern of an art carpet, from green to grey, brown to golden, yellow to every shade of rich orange. Such is the story that confronts me on an autumn day in the woods.

Farther afield, amidst dense fir plantations, whose upright trunks are covered with lichen, the dark green of the holly, brightened by red berries, introduces a very different scene. Here green moss and sphagnum carpet the ground, or grow at the very root of the trees, and the rough fir stems and branches prevent free ingress and egress.

Through the thick woods, at intervening

gaps, blue water glimmers and glitters, showing, where the eye has free vision, the region of moorland and marshes. Miles away from all kinds of village habitation, this wild country has a charm all its own; those yellow rushes and bright green reeds have a well-defined and written history.

In old days, before the march of steam, plough, and rail, miles of such land as this must have existed, with denizens of its own fast disappearing — *videlicet*, the hen harrier and the martin.

Such ranges of moorland, heath, green oases, as Dorsetshire still boasts, remain as they are for the most part, because hardly paying cultivation. Bogs, overgrown with upright spear, are the happy hunting-ground of the fox, of the weasel, of the stoat, the sparrow-hawk, and peregrine falcon.

All kinds of rarities have at times fallen here to the common lot of the keeper's gallows — "vermin" or "varmint," anything with claws, with teeth, hooked beak, or talons. Poachers, too, have disputed the game, condescending to all kinds of subterfuge, with a system of signalling that would deceive the very wisest keeper, imitating to perfection the cry of hawks, crows, owls, or the bark of a fox, much as the Abuzzi banditti in Irving's "Tales of a Traveller."

This was in the old days, when poaching irregularities were followed by severe imprisonment. In the year 1800 I find a record of £15 for poaching penalty.

Down by the water-side, through moss and bog, miles away across the woodlands, numbers of stoats and weasels come to feed, working far away from their own homes. It is well known that they cover immense distances, lured by the ardor of their hunting expeditions.

Spring is the busiest time for vermin trapping; then they are roaming after their mates. All the *Mustelidæ* are egg-suckers, also magpies, jays, rooks, jackdaws. All the weasel tribe about February become very bloodthirsty, and hunt in company, often uttering peculiar sharp cries. Sometimes they cross the green rides so slowly that they might be knocked over with stone or stick; the keeper's boy told me lately he had seen this done.

Stoats are very much larger, and lighter in color; they go a greater pace. A track I lately recognized measured a good half inch. Keepers in Dorsetshire not only burn charcoal in their holes to get them to bolt, but frequently peg poisoned food in

their runs, which cannot be too strongly reprobated.

Sometimes a baited trap is put beside the stoat's run. More frequently, a tunnel is made of turf in some outlying hedge; the iron trap is laid in the exact centre of the run, carefully covered with earth, or the miscreant will, with the least scent of human touch, discover the treachery. The unfortunate fact is that rabbits and stoats often use the same bolt or passage hole, and are therefore indiscriminately caught.

Tunnel traps of this description are frequently used in hedges bordering the coverts (three such I observed set in our neighborhood one day last week); a trail of red herring has ere now been found effective.

In old days calls were used for vermin, especially for weasels, which are often identified by their apparent preference for one locality as a resting-place. Martins I have never seen in England, but a Dorsetshire man told me he had seen one on a tree, conveying eggs to its young, and believed it was established in that same place for some years.

All the *genus mustelinum* show a great hatred for the smell of burnt cat, which is used to strew the ground and ward off their attacks. How this was discovered I cannot imagine. An old poison used for weasel is thus jotted down in a keeper's book: "Take sal ammoniac, white of egg, flour and honey paste; strew these about the weasel's run, and you will soon be quit of him."

In various parts of the thick fir wood, rendered inaccessible from marshes, wild cats in old days were very apt to lie out. An old keeper of these parts has told me of the steady increase in their numbers, in his father's days, for instance, and which went on for years. At night time, when on the ground, their cries re-echoed through the woods; and my friend assured me he had felt "eerie" on hearing it, as he lay out watching for poachers. This past week a keeper's boy showed me two skins of wild cat, killed in Dorsetshire this autumn, at least three times the size of the common cat, with bushy tails and wiry coats. Both showed fight to the last (caught in traps), and tried vainly to spring forward in the death agony.

If come upon suddenly, a tame cat has been known to spring at a stranger; it is easy to see that in the wild state the cat's nature becomes still further emboldened. The sparrow-hawk is the only other kind of vermin which shows such determina-

tion. "There is nothing worse than a tame cat that has taken to wood life, among the birds in spring or the rabbits in autumn. You can never get them away from the woods again; they end there!" So says the head man of the largest shooting I know, as he points ominously to the "keeper's gallows." Like weasels, hunting by day and night, little can escape their continued persecution; they are not only keen hunters, but undoubtedly mesmerize their victims.

All the *genus mustelinum* care for the blood alone, of which they are never satiated; and will kill, or attempt to drag, a sitting pheasant or partridge to their abode; or, if it be distant, to some quiet lurking-place, where they can drain its life-blood unobserved.

A weasel can make its way anywhere, and twist and turn its wonderful body like an acrobat or athlete, going forward with leaps and bounds, its tail hoisted like a rudder. Its teeth always strike the back of its victim's head (not, as an amateur I noted, wrote, the throat).

Stoats are very careless of observation, as a rule; that is, of the observation of a field naturalist; they evidently associate brown velvet with quite another species of the human race. I observed one sitting on a tussock of grass near our old decoy, which, I regret to say, has been trapped there since I noted the fact. This little animal seems capable of carrying immense weights, quite out of proportion to its smallness of size.

Both stoats and weasels are poor fun in captivity; dull, listless, losing all energy. If let loose they will hide at once in a lady's dress, a curtain, or even chimney. They are very artful; they are, moreover, very difficult to recapture. Let into a hen-house by the merest crevice, they will destroy a whole batch of prospective pheasants, by the *emeute* of setting hen, and the general terror they exert. A panic seems to seize the hens, and probably some half-dozen are ruthlessly destroyed in one night.

Squirrels, with what degree of truth it is hard to say, are often credited by keepers with poaching; and I remember an old sporting magazine which stated that squirrels had been detected catching *young chickens*! Running briskly up and down the red-brown trunk of a pine-tree, with tail hoisted and pricked ears, it is hard to believe such tales of it. Perhaps the idea originated in the fact that squirrels' dreys are old birds' nests; and from the injury done to young trees, the keeper

has had orders to demolish the race. The year 1889 was unusually productive of squirrels — the ornament, not the vermin of our woods and glades.

Hedgehogs dispute the palm with squirrels as to supposed destructive qualities. "What do he want with such a nozzle if he don't eat eggs?" said an old keeper. I believe myself that the hedgehog is as much a vegetarian as a very different animal, the pig; but that if animal food is thrust in his way he may take it by way of treat, just as a farmer's porker rooting about for a fresh *mennu*.

Away through the thickest part of the pine woods where moor and bog land are drained into an immense lake, there is the happy hunting-ground of all kinds of real vermin. Green reed and yellow flag, brown rush and stunted hazel, fringe the borders of the morass, and effectually hide all comers. Soft sphagnum underfoot makes a carpet well-nigh noiseless, except for the occasional crackling of a dry leaf or twig.

Lace-like boughs of blackthorn trees overhang the water margin; briar bushes with yellow leaves, and red hips and haws are reflected in the dark-brown water. Sodden grass, yellow and brown, grows in tufts among the mud, on which lie both polecat and fox.

The fox must have sadly altered from days of yore, and cannot be in such good condition for a long run as he was in the olden times. He now seeks and gets his food from preserves close to his own kennel, without taking for the purpose either exercise or trouble. The "after-noon fox" of by-gone day must have been a very troublesome customer. The prejudice against his natural smell makes outsiders think badly of him. Few people know how antagonistic is his nature to all kinds of dirt. He will rarely go to earth in a muddy condition, and in many ways resembles the dog, cleaning himself with precision, and caring mostly for live food. He prowls round the neighborhood at nightfall, lying *perdu* all the day, generally in an inaccessible morass, curled up or lying outstretched dogwise on a round hassock of grass, which, raising him out of damp and wet, gives him also a wide view of the field; cold and draft are the especial dislike of the fox. About March he prepares for his family, and excavates a rabbit's earth for his young. It is easy in agricultural districts for him to pick up a meal in the farmyards. A fat hen falls a pretty ready victim, especially roosting,

as the majority of farm poultry do, in a spot easy of access; on a cart in the shed, on a low wall near the stables, in a laurel bush or stunted fir-tree. That he sometimes meets with a repulse is clear, from an old book (1820) lying close to my hand. A gamecock, it appears, being disturbed at night by a fox, flew at him, struck him on the head, and killed him on the spot.

In the spring time, when days draw out, the coverts offer attractive larders; pheasants and partridges sit so close that they may be caught up and devoured. Rabbits may be dug down upon, lying mesmerized with fear in their earths.

Away from the fen-land by paths of sand, flanked by rough heather and faded bracken, raised out of the marsh by rude causeways connected by wooden planks and handrails, a desolate country opens up to view, bounded by barrows and vast mounds, as though the by-gone scene of fierce fray and battle. In the distance the keeper's cottage, with its hen-coops for kennel, its stacks of grey peat, its wooden out-house of "traps and engines," its old stable door with streaks of red paint, its boxes of addled eggs used for bait and allure. Next the keeper's gallows comes into sight, covered with numerous victims. Magpies form the majority of cases, and seem to abound in these parts, finding in the dense fir woods shelter and sustenance. They build here, in immense numbers, domed nests with a passage out, thickly plaited with furze roots and thorn. They are hard to get at, except with the aid of bill and hook, and almost always built on a site chosen for protection. The magpies pair for several summers, and are often seen flying over the moors; in winter time flocking together, whether for night warmth or mutual protection. Yet with all this the magpie seems no bird of the wilderness, and is constantly seen at outlying farm homesteads, where it picks up a living, not disdaining for the purpose beech and oak mast. Always on the move, always jabbering, it is a great favorite with the keeper's children; many a caged magpie have I heard uttering its grating *mag, mag*, as I made my round of the lodges. The fondness of the magpie for eggs is too well known to exempt him from the keeper's gun, to which, with the jay, he falls a ready victim.

The jay, however, is much more a bird of the moor and covert, being rarely, at any rate in Dorset, seen to visit the farmsteads. In the evening his noisy call may

be heard on the moor and among the pine woods, a varied, grating sound, more like a wooden rattle than a bird's note. Flitting across the open moorland, he alights very abruptly; the light blue feathers in his wing first catching the eye. A jay, unlike a hawk, cannot strike a bird at a distance, and seems more given to watching for him, and warily pouncing on his victim. He will sit up in a knotted oak, a hollow beech, or stunted thorn; especially where a sudden slope of the wood prevents birds seeing him from below. He hunts chiefly for young birds, partridges and pheasants newly hatched; for small birds, not disdaining sparrows; in spring time for eggs and young rabbits, so that keepers are justified in using added eggs to entice their victim to the trap.

This bird has an enemy in these parts he finds it very hard to evade. I allude to the sparrow-hawk, his most constant antagonist. In the sparrow-hawk's larder, by-the-by, a most varied assortment of food may be found when engaged in feeding his young. He haunts the thick woods, avoiding the moors, skirting the very densest coverts, where the keeper knows he may be met with, trapped, or shot, on an off-day with the guns. Round the farm buildings in winter I have seen the sparrow-hawk skimming the ground in pursuit of prey, quite unconscious of my presence, striking some sparrow or blackbird with its claws; more especially as evening fell, and shadows grew dark and dim, a chirping of sparrows or starlings would betray the presence of the marauder. Indeed, remains of blackbirds and wood-pigeons, large as they are, have, with the bones of jays, swallows, sparrows, and young pheasants, been found in the sparrow-hawk's nest. So determined is he, moreover, when caught in a trap, that he will fly at you readily, and die game to the last. Birds lately fledged or sickly fall an easy prey to hawks, whose unerring eye, ear, and perhaps scent, detect the slightest movement.

Kestrels, so disliked by the keeper, are in reality harmless to game, and to be found in summer in the direction of corn lands, hovering at immense altitudes; swooping suddenly down, they strike with their claws (like the sparrow-hawk) such a small thing as a shrew mouse, which they will not eat as they will the common mouse. Like all hawks, they pair for life, it is supposed; but replace a lost mate at short notice. Kestrels choose, by preference, a magpie's nest for their young,

and in early spring haunt thick fir woods or dense thickets. Like the owl, they discharge the fur of their victims in the form of pellets; sparrow-hawks, on the contrary, carefully strip their victims.

Both merlins, hobby hawks, and peregrines are seen on the Dorsetshire moors; merlin, for the most part, hunt in pairs like dogs. Peregrines feed by preference on the wood-pigeon or dove; they will take a duck or teal without much difficulty.

Hen harriers, in old days the commonest of our hawks, are now rapidly disappearing, solitary specimens being soon extirpated; nesting on the ground, in the open moorland, among dry bents of grass and heather, the reason for their extinction is not far to seek. They fly, too, just above the ground, rise for a moment, strike their victim, and rapidly fly off. Like the Montague's harrier, they may be seen sitting on broken fir-trees, and poles of old moorland enclosures, when not circling high above you on the lookout for prey.

The common buzzard still breeds in some parts of Dorsetshire; the red buzzard and marsh harrier are very rare visitants. The latter was last identified in 1883. To all appearance, birds of prey cover the same ground at the same hour each day; which circumstance, alas, aids the taxidermist in their extinction. Pairing for life, they find themselves mates if one of the two birds is shot; and as Mr. Hart, of Christchurch, once observed to me, there must be a paradise of single specimens. All hawks travel immense distances for food, to avoid suspicion; the flight of a peregrine falcon in pursuit of prey is reckoned at one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Apart from hawks, some minor vermin may be noted, among crows and jackdaws; these only, in England at any rate, in the neighborhood of dwellings. Crows, as a rule, strike a bird in the eye, and watch for him when perched on a tree; perhaps sickly birds, eggs, and small animals form their chief quarry.

Then, too, there are birds of night, which yet hunt in the day, such as the short-eared owl, a winter migrant, coming to us in October. With long wings, it beats the fields, perfectly noiseless in its movements; skimming the grass tops, it suddenly lets down a talon, to strike with its claws like a hawk; field mice, water voles, and small rabbits form the biggest part of his victims. "Owls is owls," as a keeper once told me: and for his beak

he pays the penalty, being too often shot down and ruthlessly destroyed. From the pellets he discharges, the short-eared owl is evidently a mouse eater; and you may find under his roosting-place quantities of such remains.

Then there are also the well-known tawny owls, hunters of the night, to a certain extent migratory; I have known several which habited one spot for a long number of years. A dense, ivy-covered holly-tree formed the roosting-place of one pair of birds during the long days of my youth; and many a night have I crept past that tree in half awe and wonder. Dreadful sounds would issue forth, like a man snoring or groaning in his sleep, and all kinds of tales were current of that awful tree. In the nest of a tawny owl this year, built in the fork of an old beech-tree, there were found for his sustenance, and for his hissing, snapping, shapeless young ones, five mice and half a rabbit; the latter very small, but to the keeper justifying his immediate destruction. Bird-catchers, by-the-by, imitate an owl's cry to entice small birds to lime twigs; so readily will they, if possible, mob an owl in broad daylight, as if aware it is but a game of blind man's buff.

Barn owls, once common with us, are not so plentiful as formerly; in old times they would cross and recross my path in the dark lanes, flitting like ghosts before me in the gloaming. To compare him with his predecessor in gastronomic tastes, his larder has been found to contain, during the spring nesting season, two rats, two bats, mice, and part of two young rabbits; owls are indeed styled hereabouts cats with wings.

The long-eared owl, which, with us, inhabits mainly moorland districts, is so like the bark of a tree in color he is difficult to discover in daytime. He breeds chiefly in deserted birds' nests, and is sometimes caught in pole traps; his down-tipped wings provide him with a ready means of taking small roosting birds from their perches. He will come so near you, and yet so noiselessly, that his appearance is almost ghostly. In confinement, alas, he will not live long, rarely surviving his captivity. As a game poacher he is entirely innocent, so my observation has yet led me, and small birds alone fall a victim to him.

Ravens, which kill by thrust of beak, unlike the hawks, which tear their prey, have disappeared entirely from Dorsetshire districts, along with the eagle. In

old times, ravens must have been common; their croak is still quoted as indicative of coming rain. Huge tracks of moorland were once, doubtless, a protection to them against the sportsman's gun; but not against the latter-day taxidermist, or keeper's "reputation."

White-tailed eagles have been sighted, and occasionally brought down by the gun; perhaps doing their hundred miles before breakfast, or taking a trial trip from Scotland.

The osprey has been watched and waited for on our salt-water creeks and estuaries. Will no one interfere to prevent his extermination?

Against rats, mice, weasels, stoats, we may wage our exterminatory war. Who will protect for us the *Falconidæ* and *Strigidæ*?

NOTE. — Vermin killed by Richard Breniston, keeper to Lord Gwydyr, from December 23rd, 1823, to December 24th, 1824, District of Callander. 4 foxes, 1 otter, 9 badgers, 29 marten cats, 11 wild cats, 22 polecats, 1 stoat, 2 weasels, 12 hedgehogs, 61 house cats, 111 gledes, 105 ravens, 22 hawks, 136 hooded crows, 2 owls, 3 daws, 31 magpies, 11 jays — 573 head.

DISCIPULUS.

From Time.

IN THE BRAZILIAN CAPITAL.

MR. H. M. STANLEY once attempted to dignify the undignified by calling Coomassie "a city of magnificent distances." His sole excuse for such a draft on the reader's credit was the prevailing fashion of the time among war correspondents — the fashion, that is, of hyperbole. At any rate, such a description would apply with perfect truth to Rio de Janeiro, with its long *ruas* running neck and neck with the sea-walls for five and six miles at a time. And yet this is hardly the feature which would most impress the average Briton. To him it might seem more characteristic of the Brazilian capital to describe it as a city of tramways — and pedlars. For if there is one thing that can be singled out for the "first fiddle" part in the city's life, it is the ubiquitous tram-car; and running this very closely is the street pedlar. And though the latter is a nuisance and generally dispensable, the former is — like the famous pens — "a boon and a blessing to men."

Under what, I suppose, we must now call the old days of the empire, the uni-

versal use of the tram-car—to the almost entire neglect of private conveyances—imparted a curiously democratic appearance to the city. Indeed, it might be perfectly accurate to say that only the imperial family and the members of the government kept private carriages. For the latter it was *en règle* to drive in closed vehicles, at a great pace, and escorted by a couple of troopers. And if the accounts we are now receiving are true, republican simplicity has not yet been able to dispense with the last precaution. That is, if it is fair to describe a government as republican when it wears so military a visage as the *régime* of Marshal de Fonseca.

I was much struck, when in Rio, by the curious name given to the tram-cars. They are called *bondes*, because, I was told, the capital of the original company was raised by bonds which became in time a part of the public currency. Except in the heart of the city, the lines are of the broad-gauge, and splendid mules—only rivalled by those of South Carolina and Georgia—draw the cars. They perform their duty with terrible slowness in the crowded, narrow streets of the older part of Rio, and with speed almost equally terrible along the fine thoroughfares that reach round to the Bay of Botafogo at the one extremity of the city and to the Tijuca Mountains at the other. The cars are roofed over, but are open at the sides and have reversible seats. In these and other respects they reminded me of those which are in vogue in the Southern States during the summer months. A sudden rain-storm finds the occupants out in very little time, but sudden rainstorms are the exception and not the rule in the beautiful climate of Rio; and on ordinary days a draught of wind, created by the rapid motion, sweeps through the car from end to end and keeps the stranger as well as the native in a delightful state of breezy coolness. It is a very short distance that one need walk in Rio, for the whole city is simply honeycombed with the light, steel lines of the "horse railroad," as our Yankee cousins call it; and the fares are low—as prices rule in Rio.

There are other cars, covered in and built more like ours, but resembling the fourth class on a German railway, in that they are reserved for baggage and the very poor—that is to say, the unshod. For any one, black or brown, coatless or hatless, may jump on the footboard which runs right round the first-class cars and take his seat among the pale-faced Cauca-

sians, provided—always provided—he is not shoeless as well. The line is drawn at bare feet. On the wrong side of this line there is no salvation.

And bare feet bring me to the second salient feature of the city—the Brazilian pedlar. He pervades the whole place, and though mainly supported by the lower stratum of society, is not by any means discouraged by the higher. Those who devote themselves to the hawking of fish, fruit, and vegetables are the least objectionable, though not the least importunate. Perhaps the perishable nature of their goods induces the latter trait, and certainly the excellence of their wares justifies the former. But the stranger finds an intolerable nuisance in the countless horde of those who peddle in such rubbish as tinsel, trinkets, gaudy but treacherous fabrics, and the sickly sweetmeats which all sorts and conditions of men—not omitting the women and children—relish greatly as *refrescos*. All pedlars—including the fair sprinkling of Chinamen to be found in their ranks—carry their goods in two enormous baskets slung at each end of a long bamboo. But I should add that there are yet other pedlars (and tolerable) who deal in milk and poultry, and drive the cows and flocks of geese and fowls about the street, milking the former at your door, and killing the latter for you on the striking of a bargain.

Before taking my reader into the *ruas* and *passeios*, the private houses and public resorts of the Brazilians, it may be as well to mention that Rio de Janeiro is but half the city's name. The bay on which it stands was at first supposed by its Portuguese discoverers to be the mouth of a river, and as this inaccurate discovery was made in the month of January, it was straightway baptized Rio de Janeiro. This chronological system of nomenclature is common enough. Natal received its name from first being sighted on Christmas day; Ascension, Easter, Christmas, from their discovery on those festivals; St. Helena, St. Paul, St. Augustine for like reasons. And so when the present federal capital of the United States of Brazil was founded, it received the style and title of Sao Sebastiao do Rio de Janeiro. One may legitimately wonder if there is another important city in the world with a name of such longitude. Like the *ruas* of the city, it is indeed of "magnificent distance!"

But to the ordinary inhabitant of the outer world Rio is distinguished neither for its tram-cars, its pedlars, nor the inor-

dinate length of its name. It is famous, rather, for the magnitude and loveliness of its harbor, for the glorious environment of nature in which it is set, and which wrung from a patriotic but dazzled Valaisian the best eulogy he could conceive. "It is the southern Switzerland!" If one bears in mind the glories of the Valais and the Oberland, of Geneva and Lucerne, and the full force of the term "southern" (or tropical), this description may be held as true as most epigrammatic ejaculations, *ex tempore*, or of aforethought.

For Rio is indeed incomparable. San Francisco with her Golden Horn and the wooden chalets clambering up her hills; Sydney and the pastoral beauties of Port Jackson; Naples with her satellite Cyclops; and Constantinople and her thousand cupolas and minarets, groves of cypress and palaces of marble, cannot compare with the Bay of Rio and the sublimity of the city of St. Sebastian — that is, as seen from across the bay or down from the neighboring mountains. For here, as ever on this delusive globe, distance lends enchantment to the view.

From these two points Rio presents a superb aspect. The voyager beholds the first as he exchanges the rolling waters of the Atlantic for the blue placidity of the bay; the second, when he ascends that great range of the Corcovado which, rearing its long bulk in the south, turns to the city a sloping shoulder refulgent with tropical vegetation, and to the bay a purple gloom of precipice and ravine.

The approach to Rio is marked out by nature as uncommon. On the right, to the eastward, mountains and hills rise behind each other in ever-varying form. Contorted and eccentric in shape, ranged, grouped, and isolated in position, dissimilar from each other in every respect save one — all being uniformly clad with a dense growth of verdure — the scenery on the east as one enters the harbor recalls to mind the words, "Why hop ye so, ye high hills?" If hills were ever "caught on the hop," I am sure those of Rio are they. They are tip-tilted and fantastic to a degree. On the left, however, the change is sudden and remarkable. First and foremost stands the famous Pao d'Assucar — the Sugar Loaf — a great blunt pyramid of granitic gneiss, which stands on sentry-duty at the very mouth of the bay, rearing its head some fourteen hundred feet above the silver threads of foam that wind forever about its feet, and displaying an inhospitable face to the pilgrim from over

the seas. For the purpling scars and wrinkles, which wind and weather have carved, fall sheer from brow to base — so unbroken, so precipitous is the descent. And behind rise quaint grey towers and battlements of crag and scarp and tor, grey with the clinging lichen, grey in their great age.

But right before one lies Rio — the sleeping queen of a Lotos-Eaters' land. Across the bay, following its receding curves, she lies in gleaming white on the broad open shore, stretching a score of octopus arms upward to as many hills, and outward through as many valleys. From the level rise the lofty domes of the Candelaria Cathedral and the glaring white walls of the government buildings and the warehouses of commerce. Lofty royal and fan palms, umbrella and fern trees, and spiral clusters of bamboo shoot up and absorb the glitter of the city with their cool green. Farther back, on the many hills, gleam from the vivid environment of tropical foliage the red roofs and gaily painted walls of Brazilian houses. Bright with their audacious coloring, the houses star the palm-clad slopes and spangle the verdant valleys. Westward the city stretches one lengthy limb, curving with the ever-curving shore, right round to the south and the foot of the Pao d'Assucar. Mile after mile the road runs between avenues of towering palms and spreading fern-trees; mile after mile the houses of the upper classes of Rio line it on either side. Standing in gardens crimson with poinsettias, vivid with mimosas, dark with the foliage of the orange and mango, and illumined by the innumerable orchids which climb and hang and trail from every tree, the spacious houses present an aspect of beauty and wealth at one and the same time. Well may it be called the Paris of Rio — the suburb of Botafogo Bay!

And as the steamer threads its way between the islands which arise on either hand — some half-dozen of which are surmounted by forts and some half-hundred entirely covered with a jungle of palms and palmettos, aloes and acacias, crotons and what not, reaching to the water's edge, and thence spreading outward in a trailing net of blossoming water-creepers; as the grim old Sugar Loaf closes up behind, locking the only entrance to this lake-like bay, and the bow of the steamer swings rapidly round toward the north, one's gaze is held by the distant serrate peaks of the Organ Mountains, hacking and hewing the hot, blue sky into an infinity of form. High above the recumbent city, high above

the palm-clad Morros, above the long spar of the Corcovado and the peaks of the Tijuca, they rise blue and dim upon the distant sky and accentuate with silent eloquence the turmoil and heat and ceaseless clatter of the streets of Rio.

For although the face of Rio may be exceeding fair, her feet are as brass. Her garments gleam and glitter, but the moth is in them, nevertheless. The queen of cities she may seem to one who gazes through the door of her presence-chamber, but those who stand about her know her to be corrupt and unhappy. Rio, in fact, has been harassed by jobbery and corruption for many a decade, and a residence in the tents of the Brazilians only serves to show how much has been left undone which might have been effected, and how much has been done which should have been left alone.

Yet Rio does not wholly disenchant on nearer acquaintance. The well-laid-out public gardens and parks, the spacious homes of the wealthy, the handsome buildings of State and commerce, the gay shops, the well-dressed women, the bustle of the markets and the stir of the business quarter, the life, manners, and amusements of all classes of Brazilians interest as much as they attract, and repay attention with no small meed of pleasure.

The streets of the Brazilian capital are of two qualities: excellent and execrable. The broad *ruas* which run through a portion of the level business quarter, along the shores and out to Laranjeiras and Botafogo, are, to a great extent, paved with granite blocks, and admirably shaded by a quadruple avenue of umbrella-trees. But in the industrial quarter, and leading up and down the score of hills within the city, the streets are ill-paved and narrow — so narrow that as the tram-cars come gliding down, the footboard overlaps the apology for a pavement and leaves to the passer-by but one option. He must either accept what is in store for him and be ruthlessly mowed down, or evade that fate by dodging into the nearest doorway. As a consequence, few make the somewhat exciting ascent of such a street, but jumping on board the bonde, leave the wilful pedestrian to his own unconsidered career.

The most unfrequented as well as most attractive street in Rio is the Rua do Ouvidor. It is the Bond Street, the Palais Royal of the Brazilian. Shops devoted to jewellery abound. This jewellery is not imported, neither is it European; it is distinctively the product of

tropical Brazil. In fantastic elegance of design it is, I consider, unrivalled by the productions of the Old World. The monotonous detail of the Oriental, the pretty trifling of the modern Latin, and the well-balanced but repressed conceits of the Anglo-Saxon goldsmith, appear poor and heavy after the exquisite audacity of their Brazilian *confre*. But the Rua is noted for more than its jewellery. Rich fabrics and wonderful laces are arranged with prodigal but tasteful hands in the shop windows. Sandwiched between the shops are the best restaurants in Rio, where both sexes foregather after the fatigues of shopping, or, as far as the men are concerned, perhaps, of accompanying the *shoppeuses* — to use the latest product of French Anglomania.

Yet, in spite of its fine shops and fashionable frequenters, the Rua do Ouvidor is a narrow street. So narrow, indeed, that vehicle traffic is not allowed in the daytime, and, accordingly, both roads and pavements are thronged with the passers-by. Deputies on the way to and from the Senate House, undergraduates of the College of Dom Pedro at the end of the Rua, business men sauntering — your true Brazilian never hurries — to the neighboring custom house, post-office, or exchange, pass incessantly along the street. Mingled with the crowd, and of late years seen in ever-increasing numbers, are the Brazilian dames of rank and fashion. They are good-looking, and, though slight when in their girlhood, soon develop exuberant charm. Both hair and eyes are often as black as night, but the complexion is as a rule clear and rosy. Indeed, after the prevailing pallor of the men, the rich color of the *senhoras* comes as a surprise and a pleasure. They dress beautifully, blending the brightest colors with the happiest taste, and in this they compare very favorably with the women of the lower classes; who, while they affect gorgeous hues, can lay no claim to taste in their toilets, or, for the matter of that, in anything else.

In fact, artistic taste (always excepting fashionable costumes and jewellery) is conspicuous by its absence in the Brazilian capital. The pictures exhibited in the few so-called "Art Galleries" are daubs of the most uncompromising kind. Pictures which are execrable in composition and execution hold honored places on the walls of the best houses in Rio; colored prints are seen everywhere, and in every case they are coarse and unlovely. Brazilian art imbued with French ideas and

the worst modern Portuguese manner comes nigh to abomination. The State gallery has a school attached to it, but unfortunately it is so inefficient that those who wish to study drawing and painting invariably employ private teachers. This, of course, will be remedied in time—that is, if the new-fledged citizens of the republic have time for anything but politics.

The homes of the people vary in degree, but in one respect, at least, they are common in kind. The one word to describe them by is “artificiality.” There is nothing domestic, nothing like “home” in one of them. The plan of the houses is square and stiff, the rooms are too large to be cosy, and the furniture too severe to be comfortable. The usual arrangement in most drawing-rooms is to place a large lounge at one end of the room—a few feet from the wall—and make a straight avenue of chairs lead up to it. Sometimes as many as twenty chairs will be arranged in this way. Against the wall, on either side, will stand a cabinet; upon the walls hang a few pictures, and in the middle of the floor lies a large rug. This completes the drawing-room furniture of a Brazilian home.

Among the middle-classes, the frames of chairs and sofas will be made of mahogany or rosewood, the seats and backs of cane; while among the rich, upholstery plays a more conspicuous part, but rather in hangings and trappings than as it is understood in Europe. And as one descends in the social scale, the same stiffness is found to prevail. A strip of once gaudy carpet, two or three cheap but glaring ornaments, and a few pieces of wooden furniture, make up the adornments of the sitting-room in a house which corresponds to the cosy and comparatively luxurious fifty-pound villa of Clapham and Putney.

And the life which is led in so bare an arena is, perhaps naturally, bare too. Take, for example, the meals—those rallying points of sociability. Throughout Brazil, but two meals are eaten in the day—breakfast between nine and eleven, and dinner after sunset. A cup of coffee with a roll is taken before rising, answering to the *chotahazri* of Anglo-Indians. Nearly all the men are employed in government offices or business, and leave as soon as a meagre breakfast has been despatched. But the women must find time hang heavily on their hands. They have absolutely no ideas of housewifery. All domestic shopping is done by the

servants at an early hour in the morning, leaving the mistress of the house an additional excuse for *ennui*. Not that she suffers much from it, for habit has helped her to while away the long sultry hours of the day with wonderful success. One thing is certain: she never soils her fingers with housekeeping matters, nor indeed does she make much use of her eyes in the same laudable direction, for there are few Brazilian homes in which dust is not paramount. It has been said, but mockingly, I would prefer to think, that the elbows of Rio damsels are horny—the inevitable evolution of their habit of sitting for hours together in the window seats, and, with chin lazily propped on hands, gazing on the moving panorama of the street. I will not vouch for the horny elbow, though I certainly can for the window lounging. It is universal.

But the poor senhora is more sinned against than sinning. She is the creature, the victim of social prejudice. Not allowed to enter into any charitable or social movements, not until quite recently permitted to walk unattended through the streets of the town, she is naturally forced back upon herself and the bare white walls of the only “home” she knows. Needlework, save perhaps a little ornamental embroidery, she has not been taught; she can play the piano and guitar, but she finds no real enjoyment in playing them in solitude; she is not illiterate, but there is nothing to read. The majority of Brazilian novels appear in daily papers, which women seldom see; many of those which are separately published are grossly immoral and are placed on the Index Expurgatorius. Besides, the habit of reading has never been acquired. English people may find it hard to believe, but it is true nevertheless, that children’s literature does not exist in Brazil. A child has simply nothing whatever to read but the wretched lesson books which are used in conveying the art. Here is a chance for some English publisher to combine philanthropy with business.

Like most cities in South America, the evening hours of Rio are very gay. The private houses with their red roofs and gay walls of blue, buff, pink, or green, have slept all day in embowering gardens like Brodington butterflies. The air has been saturated with sultriness, and against its heat the Venetian shutters of the windows have been closed. Through the lofty gateways of sculptured marble or masonry, matted with flowering vines, the passer-by has had a peep of shrubberies

of exotics, clusters of slender bamboo, rows of oleanders, clumps of eusibius, giant begonias, scarlet-fruited torch-trees, spreading umbrella-trees — *chapeo de sul* — and splendid golden-edged cactuses. Here and there a royal palm shoots up some seventy feet, and its leaves — perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in length — look like a bunch of feathers on the top. This wealth of vegetation may be seen in hundreds of gardens — marred in the daytime, perhaps, by the desolate silence. But when the sun has set, the window shades are thrown wide open, colored lights stream out upon the luxuriant foliage, the sounds of music and song ascend with the aroma of the oleander and the hum of the cicada into the cool night air, and as soon as the meal is over the garden becomes the arena of Brazilian hospitality. A stroll along the Laranjeiras or any similar rua in the evening hours will reveal scores of such scenes, and not seldom will the exiled Englishman be found in the family group. For, whatever the Brazilians may be, they are at least hospitable — hospitable to a degree which is superlative.

And their evening gaiety is not confined to the wealthy, for in the open squares and gardens, in the Largo do Constituição, the Passeio Publico, and the Praça Dom Pedro II., crowds of the middle classes and cleanly poor do congregate. The lights of handsome gas-lamps play on the fountains, and, raying through the foliage of palm and fern, illumine lounging groups of grave Brazilians. The smoke of the inevitable cigarette — a few broken bits of twist tobacco rolled in a maize leaf — curls slowly upward through the air, and the twanging of more than one guitar adds melody to the scene. The lights from the houses on the many hills — the Morro da Gloria, do Castello, da Nova Cintra, or Santa Theresa — are hardly brighter than the constellations which revolve above the ridge of the Corcovado or the aiguilles of the Organ Mountains; and the frequent passages of the huge ferry-boats between various points on the bay, with their long rows of dancing lights, and the phosphorescent cascades swishing from their paddle-wheels, form a good objective for the careless eye.

And while here in the Largo do Constituição, the vendors of bananas, oranges, and sweetmeats are doing a brisk business around the splendid equestrian statue of Dom Pedro, their exiled emperor, the rays of the rising moon fall on the great white building across the bay that will stand as

a lasting monument to that emperor's sense of humor.

It is an asylum, and its story is worth repeating. It seems that Dom Pedro was extremely anxious to build such an institution on a grand scale, but he was unable to get his subjects to see the idea from his point of view. After trying many plans, he was suddenly struck by one of those "happy thoughts" which do so much to make the world go round with less friction. Why should he not raise the money by selling titles? Why not, indeed? The idea proved even more felicitous when put into action, and while a goodly crop of viscounts and barons arose in the city, a not less goodly harvest of *milreis* was reaped for the emperor's pet project. With an afterthought, too, which must be acknowledged as equally happy, he declared that the titles were not hereditary; in fact, that if the son of a defunct viscount wished to retain his nobility, he must pay for it over again. In spite of this — or because of it — the treasury was filled to overflowing, and the white walls of the lunatic asylum arose in grandeur. And over the entrance gateway I read this inscription: *Vanitas Humana Miseria Humana!*

A reminiscence or two of the emperor may not be out of place here. The first time that I saw him, he was sitting in a large carriage drawn by six mules, and surrounded by an escort of some half-a-dozen troopers. He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, reading. He was bare-headed, and returning the more obvious manifestations of his subjects' loyalty with a familiar sort of nod. The second time that I met him he was on his way to open a railroad in the interior. I happened to enter the station of the Estrada de Ferro, and saw him pacing restlessly up and down the platform, waiting, not for the appointed time of departure — that was past — but for the sweet will of the officials! This may sound odd to the European ear, but the reader must remember that this was in Brazil. Poor Brazil! Your energy is indeed latent — in your mountains and forests; but patient — in your people — *never* — or, since exceptions prove the rule, well, hardly ever!

The emperor was always at work on State affairs, and the jeers that have been cast at him are as uncalled for as they are unkindly. It is true that of late years he had concentrated much of his attention on matters scientific, but it was with a view

to the benefit of the empire. He would board any foreign vessel that had some new feature in its machinery in order that he might examine its capability for Brazilian purposes. He was bent on introducing the benefits of European civilization into the enormous realm over which he ruled. He had tact and energy, but he was perhaps too kindly to be firm. Annually he washed the feet of a number of beggars and drank a cup of holy water in public, in order to show in his own person a respect for religion; and though he gave no State balls or banquets, he was always ready to interview any of his subjects. Few days passed without his spending several hours in some one or other of the government departments, and in public and private charity he spent the whole of his huge fortune. No sovereign ever labored so much for the good of his people, and none, I fancy, has received so ill a return.

And now, with the exception of Canada, the Guianas, and that great curved bow of palm-fringed islands we call the West Indies, the twin continents of the New World afford the sharpest contrast possible to the Old by being wholly innocent of monarchy. The best we can hope for Brazil is that it may be equally innocent of anarchy.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S.

From The Spectator.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW CAREERS ON WOMEN'S HAPPINESS.

MISS ALFORD's success in the classical tripos following so closely on Miss Fawcett's senior wranglership, and two other less brilliant wranglerships gained by women, makes it very natural to ask what will be the probable effect of the new careers, the new ambitions which are opening on every side to women, on their happiness. We do not know that the answer to this question, so far as we can give one, in the least involves the answer to the further question whether a rapidly increasing number of women are likely to enter upon the new careers; or whether, even if they are not the happier for them, it may not be still, in a large number of cases, their duty to take up the new duties and responsibilities opened to them, for we are always seeing instances in which large numbers compete for positions of trust and responsibility which diminish rather than increase the happiness of those

who enter upon them; and it is clear that it is often a duty to accept a trust which, instead of adding to the happiness of him who accepts it, greatly constrains and weights the ease and freedom of his life. No less legitimate inference could be drawn from a rush for any career than that the career so much coveted is one which confers special happiness on those who attain it. Look at the multitudes who covet a Parliamentary career, and the exceeding few who can be said to enjoy it. Look at the multitudes who appear to covet knighthood, or even any inferior social distinction, and the extraordinarily little advantage, beyond additional opportunities for expense, which such distinctions bring. It would be about as wise to regard the swarming of bees as a sign of the happiness of the hive, as to judge from the crush and competition for new careers that those careers open up special enjoyment. And certainly it is not true that the natural shrinking from a career of responsibility and anxiety at all implies that it is not a duty to enter upon it. Capacity to discharge a duty well, by no means necessarily implies much enjoyment in the discharge. On the other hand, it is really often true that the recoil from it is the best test of the true appreciation of what it involves,—the real origin, we suppose, of the notion that *nolo episcopari* is one of the best indications of the capacity for episcopal rule. It is very rarely that a duty is ideally discharged without modesty. And yet it is often modesty which renders the discharge of it the severest burden. We should not in the least argue, from the number of feminine candidates for high university or other distinctions that those distinctions are likely to confer great happiness on those who succeed, nor should we conclude that because the successful candidates did not gain and did not even expect to gain such happiness, it might not still be their bounden duty to aspire to those distinctions and to the careers that they open. If it is true that *noblesse oblige*, it is equally true that capacity obliges, that talent obliges, that genius obliges. Indeed, some one has said that "Le droit dérive de la capacité," and still truer is it that "Le devoir dérive de la capacité," but no one has said that happiness always results from capacity; indeed, the higher the sphere and the more lofty the duty, the less true is it that happiness results from taking up the burden which duty imposes. Hence when we ask ourselves whether women are likely, on the whole, to be happier for the

new careers, we do not for a moment suppose that the answer to that question in the least involves any answer to the question whether or no women will, as a matter of fact, press into these careers, or any answer to the question whether or no it will be the duty of many women to take up these careers who might nevertheless be all the happier for a different and less distinguished life. The question as to the happiness they will bring has an independent interest of its own, quite apart from any inferences which might result from the answer given to it, bearing upon either the popularity of such careers for women, or the right and duty of entering upon them.

It is, of course, very doubtful whether happiness does generally increase in proportion to the increase in the scale of life's interests and duties. It is generally thought, and, we imagine, thought truly, that a really happy childhood is about the happiest part of life; that the responsibilities and ambitions, and even the large interests which come with maturity, though no man or woman worthy to enter into them would ask to be relieved of them, do very materially lessen the mere happiness of life. Indeed, many people venture to believe (though on very little that can be called evidence) that the happiness of some of the lower animals, a dog, for instance, that is well cared for and heartily attached to its master or mistress, is more unadulterated than even the happiness of a happy child. But here, of course, we draw inferences from the most dubious indications, as none of us can really appreciate what the happiness of a different race of creatures amounts to. But most of us know by our own experience that the enlargement of the sphere of duty is by no means equivalent to the enlargement of happiness, and is very much the reverse when we undertake what is fully up to, or, worse still, a little beyond, the limits of our physical or intellectual or moral strength. It is only when our inclinations and duties are all but identical, and when our duties are well within the limits of our powers, that an enlargement in the sphere of those duties usually adds to our happiness. No doubt these lady-wrangers and class-women will have felt, and will continue to feel, the genuine enjoyment which always accompanies the first development and exercise of quite new powers. Miss Fawcett will thoroughly enjoy co-operating with the greater mathematicians in working out new mathematical problems. Miss Alford will

thoroughly enjoy the sympathy and respect which scholars and philologists will show her, and the delight of entering thoroughly into a new world of literary interest and achievement. But the new sphere will probably bring new duties which will by no means be so enjoyable. Suppose any of these new learners finds that her first use of her distinction must be to add to her resources by teaching, and that teaching happens to be to her very far indeed from an enjoyment? That has certainly been the lot of thousands of men who have gained the high prizes in mathematical and classical careers; and though not a few have enjoyed the teacher's life, thousands of them have bitterly lamented over the slavery of teaching, a slavery which they could never have incurred but for their aptitude in learning. Women will have just the same experience, and, indeed, it may to many of them be even more burdensome, for as yet at least, unpalatable intellectual toil is probably easier to men than to women. Again, to many of these new scholars it may seem a duty to undertake some of those laborious tasks which have strained all the energies of the strongest men, — like the compilation of cyclopædias or dictionaries, or systematic treatises requiring continuous application from day to day for years together, and the organization and criticism of a vast quantity of routine work. Will the work of intellectual mill-horses suit the tenderer and more sensitive natures of women? Yet it will inevitably fall upon some of those who are competent to discharge these duties and who will not see any other means of earning the incomes which they will soon come to feel that it is their duty to earn for those less able than themselves to add to the resources of the family group to which they belong. We think it all but certain that the more mechanical departments of high intellectual toil will exhaust women even more than they exhaust men of the same calibre, and yet that they will not feel that they can in good conscience avoid them, where they are the most obvious means of adding to the resources of their families. Undoubtedly the inevitable consequence of finding a new capacity for laborious duties will be the undertaking of a great many laborious duties which will render women's lives a heavy burden to them in countless cases, as it has, of course, rendered men's lives a burden to them. Just as childhood escapes some of the most serious pangs of life by virtue of its incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict

those pangs, so women have hitherto escaped some of the most serious pangs of life by reason of the incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs — an incapacity which is now rapidly vanishing away.

As we have already said, we do not for a moment suppose that considerations of this kind either will influence the majority of women, or ought to influence them, in evading the higher class of intellectual responsibilities which they are now preparing themselves to assume. They will say, as men have said, that the capacity brings the duty with it, and that it is not their business to ask whether the duty will make them happier or less happy. And in many cases, doubtless, it will make them happier, and a great deal happier. Where the back is equal to the burden, and too often where it is not, women have not shrunk from bearing the heaviest burdens. In some countries, as we all know, women have even done the physical drudg-

ery from which the selfishness of man has shrunk. And of course it will be the same with intellectual drudgery. If, as is generally supposed, women are oftener unselfish than men, they will oftener risk bearing intellectual burdens to which they are not equal; in other words, they will oftener slave themselves to death with a kind of work for which they are not well fitted. But, at all events, it is well that they should open their eyes to the fact that their new careers are not mere prizes, mere additions to the happiness of their lives, but will involve in a very large number of cases the taking up of a sort of independence which will be very irksome to them, the more irksome the more love of leaning on others there is in them, and the performance of tasks which must often exhaust their strength, and more or less exclude them from the exercise of that happy and gentle vigilance for the well-being of others for which their nature appears specially to fit them.

ON THE USE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE LANGUAGES OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS. — The present state of perfection of the Edison phonograph led me to attempt some experiments with it on our New England Indians, as a means of preserving languages which are rapidly becoming extinct. I accordingly made a visit to Calais, Maine, and was able, through the kindness of Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, to take upon the phonograph a collection of records illustrating the language, folk-lore, songs, and counting-out rhymes of the Passamaquoddy Indians. My experiments met with complete success, and I was able not only to take the records, but also to take them so well that the Indians themselves recognized the voices of other members of the tribe who had spoken the day before.

One of the most interesting records which was made was the song of the snake dance, sung by Noel Josephs, who is recognized by the Passamaquoddies as the best acquainted of all with this song "of old time." He is always the leader in the dance, and sang it in the same way as at its last celebration.

I also took upon the same wax cylinder on which the impressions are made his account of the dance, including the invitation which precedes the ceremony.

In addition to the song of the snake dance I obtained on the phonograph an interesting "trade song," and a "Mohawk war song"

which is very old. Several other songs were recorded. Many very interesting old folk-tales were also taken. In some of these there occur ancient songs with archaic words, imitation of the voices of animals, old and young. An ordinary conversation between two Indians, and a counting-out rhyme, are among the records made.

I found the schedules of the United States Bureau of Ethnology of great value in my work, and adopted the method of giving Passamaquoddy and English words consecutively on the cylinders.

The records were all numbered, and the announcement of the subject made on each in English. Some of the stories filled several cylinders, but there was little difficulty in making the changes necessary to pass from one to the other, and the Indians, after some practice, were able to "make good records" in the instrument. Thirty-six cylinders were taken in all. One apiece is sufficient for most of the songs and for many of the short stories. The longest story taken was a folk-tale, which occupies nine cylinders, about "Podump" and "Pook-jin-Squiss," the "Black Cat and the Toad Woman," which has never been published. In a detailed report of my work with the phonograph in preserving the Passamaquoddy language, I hope to give a translation of this interesting story.

J. WALTER FEWKES.

Boston, U.S.A., March 20.

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